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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

HARVARD COLLEGE
OCT 7 1920
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NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1920

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"Signs of the Times"

"THUS finally Science, in the person of its highest representatives, in order to make itself clearer to the profane, adopts the phraseology of such old adepts as Roger Bacon, and returns to the 'protyle.' All this is hopeful and suggestive of the 'signs of the times.' "—H. P. Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine* (II, p. 533, 1888).

"Indeed," the passage just quoted continues, "these 'signs' are many and multiply daily." An effort was made, in the April number of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, to gather some of them together, with special reference to *Five Years of Theosophy*.

We have space for but one more instance in which the science of to-day is catching up with the occult conclusions given out thirty-five or more years ago. In reply to the English F. T. S., we read: "Atlantis was not merely the name of one island but that of a whole continent, many of whose isles and islets have to this day survived. . . . A pedestrian from the north might then have reached—hardly wetting his feet—the Alaskan peninsula, through Manchuria, across the *future* Gulf of Tartary, the Kurile and Aleutian Islands; while another traveller, furnished with a canoe and starting from the south, could have walked over from Siam, crossed the Polynesian Islands, and trudged into any part of the continent of South America."

Two cablegrams of recent date bear directly upon this last statement. The first is dated Honolulu, September 13, 1919, and is as follows: "Search for evidence supporting the theory of a lost Pacific continent is being prosecuted in the Hawaiian Islands, the South Seas and along the west coast of South America. Professor Douglas R. Campbell, of the botany department of Stanford University, thinks that in certain specimens of ferns found on the Island of Hawaii he has established the fact that at some period there was land connection between the Hawaiian group and the islands to the south and west, through the Malay peninsula. Professor T. A. Jaggar, jr., in charge of the Federal

observatory at Kilauea, agrees with Professor Campbell's theory, asserting that there are geological indications that the islands of the Pacific were once connected. Seeking data in support of Professor Campbell's theory, Professor W. A. Bryan, of the College of Hawaii, is now touring the west coast of South America and the South Sea Islands."

The second cable message is dated Buenos Aires, December 26: "Evidence of a lost continent in the Pacific Ocean, a 6,000-mile prehistoric 'bridge' of land between South America and Hawaii, is being sought by an American scientist, William Alanson Bryan, professor of zoology and geology in the college of Hawaii, who left Honolulu last June on his remarkable quest. Dr. Bryan, who came to Argentina by way of Mexico and the West Coast of South America, where he studied volcanoes and Andean geology, is about to return to Valparaiso, where he will board a ship for the little island of Juan Fernandez, 400 miles out. The island is inhabited by a small colony of fishermen and their families. 'In the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science,' said the Professor, 'I was surprised a year ago to discover certain little fresh water molluscs from Juan Fernandez that were extraordinarily similar in their characteristics to certain molluscs in Hawaii. So I determined to visit the island, study those shells and its entire flora and fauna.' If the Juan Fernandez molluscs should prove to be closely allied with those of Hawaii, Dr. Bryan explained in an address here, it would prove that land connection had existed, as the species must have travelled from Juan Fernandez to Hawaii, or vice versa, by the rivers of the prehistoric continent. He hopes by visiting the island to find evidence of the date of submergence of the continent, its geology, configuration, and the direction in which the rivers ran. . . . Professor Bryan considers it not unlikely that the lost Pacific continent preceded that of South America in the dark ages of time."

Let us turn now to another field. A glance through the Index of *The Secret Doctrine* will show how great "a lover of the ancients," including the great men of classical antiquity from Anaxagoras to Zeno, its author was.

We hail it as one of the "signs of the times" that the late Sir William Osler, in his address on *The old Humanities and the new Science* delivered on May 16, 1919, before the British Classical Association at Oxford, has page after page concerning these classical ancients, that might almost have come from H. P. Blavatsky's pen.

The address is full of humour, with a style for the most part delightful; there are certain shortcomings, which we shall refer to later; but for the passages dealing with the great men of two milleniums ago, every student of *The Secret Doctrine* will be sincerely thankful.

Take, for example, this passage (p. 38):

"(Saint Augustine), the moulder of Western Christianity, had not much use for science, and the Greek spirit was stifled in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. 'Content to be deceived, to live in a twilight of fiction, under clouds of false witnesses, inventing according to conveni-

ence, and glad to welcome the forger and the cheat'—such, as Lord Acton somewhere says, were the Middle Ages. Strange, is it not? that one man alone, Roger Bacon, mastered his environment and had a modern outlook. How modern Bacon's outlook was may be judged from the following sentence: 'Experimental science has three great prerogatives over all other sciences—it verifies conclusions by direct experiment; it discovers truths which they could never reach, and it investigates the secrets of nature and opens to us a knowledge of the past and future.'

"The practical point for us here is that in the only school dealing with the philosophy of human thought, the sources of the new science that has made a new world are practically ignored. One gets even an impression of neglect in the schools, or at any rate of scant treatment, of the Ionian philosophers, the very fathers of your fathers. Few 'Greats' men, I fear, could tell why Hippocrates is a living force to-day, or why a modern scientific physician would feel more at home with Erasistratus and Herophilus at Alexandria, or with Galen at Pergamos, than at any period in our story up to, say Harvey. Except as a delineator of character, what does the Oxford scholar know of Theophrastus, the founder of modern botany, and a living force to-day in one of the two departments of biology. . . Beggarly recognition or base indifference is meted out to the men whose minds have fertilized science in every department. The pulse of every student should beat faster as he reads the story of Archimedes, of Hero, of Aristarchus. . . The methods of these men exorcised vagaries and superstitions from the human mind and pointed to a clear knowledge of the laws of nature.

"In biology Aristotle speaks for the first time the language of modern science, and indeed he seems to have been first and foremost a biologist, and his natural history studies influenced profoundly his sociology, and his philosophy in general . . . the founder of modern biology, whose language is our language, whose methods and problems are our own, the man who knew a thousand varied forms of life,—of plant, of bird, of animal,—their outward structure, their metamorphosis, their early development; who studied the problems of heredity, of sex, of nutrition, of growth, of adaptation, and of the struggle for existence. . . . For two thousand years the founder of the science of embryology had neither rival nor worthy follower. . ."

Thus Sir William Osler makes his declaration in 1919. As long ago as 1888, more than thirty years earlier, H. P. Blavatsky wrote:

"This law of vortical movement in primordial matter, is one of the oldest conceptions of Greek philosophy, whose first historical Sages were nearly all Initiates of the Mysteries. The Greeks had it from the Egyptians, and the latter from the Chaldeans, who had been the pupils of Brahmans of the esoteric school. Leucippus, and Democritus of Abdera—the pupil of the Magi—taught that this gyratory movement of the atoms and spheres existed from eternity. Hicetas, Heraclides, Ecphantus, Pythagoras, and all his pupils, taught the rotation of the earth; and Aryabhatta of India, Aristarchus, Seleucus, and Archimedes

calculated its revolutions as scientifically as the astronomers do now; while the theory of the Elemental Vortices was known to Anaxagoras, and maintained by him 500 years B. C., or nearly 2,000 before it was taken up by Galileo, Descartes, Swedenborg, and finally, with slight modifications, by Sir W. Thomson . . . The sphericity of the earth was distinctly taught by Aristotle, who appealed for proof to the figure of the earth's shadow on the moon in eclipses . . . (I, p. 117) Following Plato, Aristotle explained that the term *stòikheia* was understood only as meaning the incorporeal principles placed at each of the four great divisions of our Cosmical world to supervise them . . . (I, p. 123) Thus the original Greek conception of Chaos is that of the Secret Wisdom Religion. In Hesiod, therefore, Chaos is infinite, boundless, endless and filled with darkness, which is primordial matter in its *pre-cosmic* state. For in its etymological sense, Chaos is Space, according to Aristotle, and Space is *the* ever Unseen and Unknowable Deity in our philosophy. . . ."

And so one might continue to quote, page after page.

To turn again to Sir William Osler's Address. Closely following what has been quoted, he says (p. 43):

"Unmatched among the ancients or moderns is the vision of Lucretius of continuity in the workings of Nature—not less of *le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis* which so affrighted Pascal, than of 'the long, limitless age of days, the age of all time that has gone by'—

'. . . longa diei
infinita aetas anteacti temporis omnis.'

And it is in a Latin poet that we find up-to-date views of the origin of the world and of the origin of man. The description of the wild discordant storm of atoms (Book V), which led to the birth of the world might be transferred verbatim to the accounts of Poincaré or Arrhenius of the growth of new celestial bodies in the Milky Way. What an insight into primitive man and the beginnings of civilization! He might have been a contemporary and friend, and doubtless was a tutor, of Tylor. Book II, a manual of atomic physics with its marvellous conception of

". . . the flaring atom streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,'

can only be read appreciatively by pupils of Roentgen or of J. J. Thomson. The ring theory of magnetism advanced in Book VI has been reproduced of late by Parsons, whose magnetons rotating as rings at high speed have the form and effect with which this disciple of Democritus clothes his magnetic physics."

Of many passages in *The Secret Doctrine* referring to Lucretius, we need quote but one:

"Modern physics, while borrowing from the ancients their atomic theory, forgot one point, the most important of the doctrine; hence they got only the husks and will never be able to get at the kernel. They left behind, in the adoption of physical atoms, the suggestive fact that from

Anaxágoras down to Epicurus, the Roman Lucretius, and finally even to Galileo, all those philosophers believed more or less in *animated* atoms, not in invisible specks of so-called 'brute' matter. Rotatory motion was generated in their views, by larger (read, more divine and pure) atoms forcing downward other atoms; the lighter ones being thrust simultaneously upward. The esoteric meaning of this is the ever cyclic curve downward and upward of differentiated elements through intercyclic phases of existence, until each reaches again its starting point or birthplace. The idea was metaphysical as well as physical; the hidden interpretation embracing 'gods' or souls, in the shape of atoms, as the *causes* of all the *effects* produced on Earth by the *secretions* from the divine bodies. No ancient philosopher, not even the Jewish Kabalists, ever dissociated Spirit from matter or *vice versâ*. Everything originated in the ONE, and proceeding from the One, must finally return to the One." (1888, I. p. 567.)

H. P. Blavatsky, like Osler, recognizes the profound debt of the modern atomic theory to Lucretius and his predecessors, and, at the same time, really gets at the heart of the ancient teaching.

We have room only for one more passage from Osler, which closes his address:

"There is a sentence in the writings of the Father of Medicine [Hippocrates] upon which all commentators have lingered, *'ēn gar parē philanthropiē paresti kai philotekhniē'*—love of humanity associated with the love of his craft!—philanthropia and philotechnia—the joy of working joined in each one to a true love of his brother. Memorable sentence indeed! in which for the first time was coined the magic word 'philanthropy,' and conveying the subtle suggestion that perhaps in this combination the longings of humanity may find their solution, and Wisdom —*Philosophia*—at last be justified of her children."

In the Greek sentence which Osler thus quotes, perhaps without full realization of its source, from the Western Master, the word translated Wisdom is *Sophia,* but clearly used in the sense of Divine Wisdom, *Theōsophia.* Taken in this truer sense, all students of Theosophy will agree with Osler, that "here the longings of humanity may find their solution."

We spoke of certain shortcomings, as they seem to us, in Osler's outlook. Briefly they are these: he did not recognize the high value of the spiritual life of the Middle Ages; he did not see the high philosophic worth of the older Eastern religions. But for what he did see, we are deeply grateful.

In other directions also, there is this same turning to the teachings of the "ancients" that H. P. Blavatsky has called "a sign of the times." Some three years ago, a group of professors and teachers of philosophy and psychology, inspired, perhaps, by Bergson's greatest work, *Creative Evolution,* gathered together a group of essays, with the inspiring title *Creative Intelligence,* under the general editorship of Professor John Dewey. Two of the essays in this book offer passages which well illus-

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

trate our theme. The first is an essay on "Value and Existence in Philosophy, Art, and Religion," by Mr. Horace M. Kallen. The passage follows:

"To Plato man is at once a protean beast, a lion, and an intellect; the last having for its proper task to rule the first and to regulate the second, which is always rebellious and irruptive. According to the Christian tradition man is at once flesh and spirit, eternally in conflict with one another, and the former is to be mortified that the latter may have eternal life. Common sense divides us into head and heart, never quite at peace with one another. There is no need of piling up citations. Add to the inward disharmonies of mind its incompatibilities with the environment, and you perceive at once how completely it is, from moment to moment, a theater and its life a drama of which the interests that compose it are at once protagonists and directors. The catastrophe of this unceasing drama is always that one or more of the players is driven from the stage of conscious existence. It may be that the environment —social conditions, commercial necessity, intellectual urgency, allies of other interests—will drive it off; it may be that its own intrinsic unpleasantness will banish it, will put it out of mind; whatever the cause, it is put out. Putting it out does not, however, end the drama; putting it out serves to complicate the drama. For the 'new psychology' shows that whenever an interest or a desire or impulsion is put out of the mind, it is really, if not extirpated, put into the mind; it is driven from the conscious level of existence to the unconscious. It retains its force and direction, only its work now lies underground. Its life henceforward consists partly in a direct oppugnance to the inhibitions that keep it down, partly in burrowing beneath and around them and seeking out unwonted channels of escape. Since life is long, repressions accumulate, the mass of existence of feeling and desire tends to become composed entirely of these repressions, layer upon layer, with every interest in the aggregate striving to attain place in the daylight of consciousness.

"Now, empirically and metaphysically, no one interest is more excellent than another. Repressed or patent, each is, whether in a completely favorable environment or in a completely indifferent universe, or before the bar of an absolute justice, or under the domination of an absolute and universal good, entitled to its free fulfilment and perfect maintenance. Each is a form of the good; the essential content of each is good. That they are not fulfilled, but repressed, is a fact to be recorded, not an appearance to be explained away. And it may turn out that the existence of the fact may explain the effort to explain it away. For where interests are in conflict with each other or with reality, and where the loser is not extirpated, its revenge may be just this self-fulfilment in unreality, in idea, which philosophies of absolute values offer it. Dreams, some of the arts, religion and philosophy may indeed be considered as such fulfilments, worlds of luxuriant self-realization of all that part of our nature which the harsh conjunctions with the environment overthrow and suppress.

Sometimes abortive self-expressions of frustrated desires, sometimes ideal compensations for the shortcomings of existence, they are always equally ideal reconstructions of the surrounding evil of the world into forms of the good. And because they are compensations in idea, they are substituted for existence, appraised as 'true,' and 'good,' and 'beautiful,' and 'real,' while the experiences which have suppressed the desires they realize are condemned as illusory and unreal. In them humanity has its freest play and amplest expression."

There are several notable points here. To take the most obvious: We have here an exact description of the way in which many students of Theosophy believe the states of consciousness after death to be generated, and particularly the state called Devachan, which is precisely a world "of luxuriant self-realization of all that part of our nature which the harsh conjunctions with the environment overthrow and suppress," and "an ideal compensation for the shortcomings of existence."

Indeed we may go farther, and say that one side at least of the operation of Karma follows exactly the process described, and is so expounded again and again in the psychological teachings of Buddhism.

We saw that Mr. Kallen began by citing Plato. He adds an exceedingly interesting footnote:

"Compare Plato, *Republic,* IX, 571, 572, for an explicit anticipation of Freud." The passage is in substance as follows:

"Certain of the unnecessary pleasures and appetites I conceive to be unlawful; every one appears to have them, but in some persons they are controlled by the laws and by reason, and the better desires prevail over them—either they are wholly banished or they become few and weak; while in the case of others they are stronger, and there are more of them. I mean those appetites which are awake when the reasoning and human and ruling power is asleep; then the wild beast within us, gorged with meat and drink, goes forth to satisfy his desires; and there is no conceivable folly or crime which at such a time, when he has parted company with all shame and sense, a man may not be ready to commit.

"But when a man's pulse is healthy and temperate, and when before going to sleep he has awakened his rational powers, and fed them on noble thoughts and enquiries, collecting himself in meditation, leaving the higher principle in the solitude of pure abstraction, free to contemplate and aspire to the knowledge of the unknown, whether in past, present or future; when again he has allayed the passionate element, if he has a quarrel against any one—when, after pacifying the two irrational principles, he rouses up the third, which is reason, before he takes his rest, then, as you know, he attains truth most nearly, and is least likely to be the sport of fantastic and lawless visions. The point which I desire to note is that in all of us, even in good men, there is a lawless wild-beast nature, which peers out in sleep."

Mr. Kallen with great wisdom adds the comment: "This 'new psychology' is not so very new!"

A student of Theosophy would be inclined to say that, in this

passage of Plato, there is something more and deeper than an anticipation of Freud: namely a clear indication of the Eastern teaching of the spiritual state of Meditation, and of its analogue in the condition beyond dreams.

Take, in illustration, this passage from *Prashna Upanishad:*

"So this bright one in dream enjoys greatness. The seen, as seen he beholds again. What was heard, as heard he hears again. And what was enjoyed by the other powers, he enjoys again by the other powers. . . . And when he is wrapt by the radiance, the bright one no longer sees dreams. Then within him that bliss arises. And, as the birds come to the tree to rest, so all this comes to rest in the higher Self."

Here is Plato's idea expressed as profoundly, or even more profoundly, many centuries earlier.

Or one might quote from the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad:

"They also say that dream is a province of waking. For whatever he sees while awake, the same he sees in dream. . . Then as a falcon or an eagle, flying to and fro in the open sky and growing weary, folds his wings and sinks to rest, so of a truth the Spirit of man hastens to that world where, finding rest, he desires no desire and dreams no dream. . ."

It would be a happy thing if modern students of psychology, who thus recognize that the new psychology "is not so very new," would take one step further and recognize that the great Eastern religions are based on the method of experience and grave experiment which the modern schools accept; that they long ago carried this method much farther, into the immortal region of our nature; and that their teaching of immortality is founded on what they learned there.

That there is a real tendency in this direction, is suggested by another essay in the same book: "The Moral Life and the Construction of Values and Standards," by James Hayden Tufts.

There is much of high value on the development of the self, which we should like to quote if space permitted; for example, such a sentence as this: "The self by reflecting and enlarging its scope is similarly enlarged. It is the *resulting* self which is the final valuer. . . The self of the full moral consciousness, however,—the only one which can claim acceptance or authority—is born only in the process of considering real conditions, of weighing and choosing between alternatives of action in a real world of nature and persons. . ."

One might compare this with the passage in *Katha Upanishad:*

"The better and the dearer approach a man; going round them, the sage discerns between them. The sage chooses the better rather than the dearer; the fool chooses the dearer, through lust of possession. . ."

But we must content ourselves with citing only the closing paragraphs of this valuable essay:

"What we have aimed to present as a moral method is essentially this: to take into our reckoning all the factors of the situation, to take into account the other persons involved, to put ourselves into their places

by sympathy as well as conceptually, to face collisions and difficulties not merely in terms of fixed concepts of what is good and fair, and what the right of each party concerned may be, but with the conviction that we need new definitions of the ideal life, and of the social order, and thus reciprocally of personality. Thus harmonized, free, and responsible, life may well find new meaning also in the older intrinsic goods of friendship, aesthetic appreciation and true belief. And it is not likely to omit the satisfaction in actively constructing new ideals and working for their fulfilment.

"Frankly, if we do not accept this method what remains? Can any one by pure reason discover a single forward step in the treatment of the social situation or a single new value in the moral ideal? Can any analysis of the pure concept of right and good teach us anything? In the last analysis the moral judgment is not analytic but synthetic. The moral life is not natural but spiritual. And spirit is creative."

The last sentences go farther than anything else in the book to justify its high title: *Creative Intelligence*. They express the spirit of Theosophy which, even for Masters, is an experimental science. And perhaps, using some such bridge as this, students of the "new" psychology and students of Theosophy may meet and work together at the common task.

This spirit of conciliation and reconciliation is finely manifested in a short article on "Science and Religion," by Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, a well known writer on astronomy; one of a series of articles that have appeared in the evening newspapers of our largest cities, and therefore rightly to be numbered among the "Signs of the Times." The central passages of the article follow:

"Science is not opposed to religion. But it is opposed to theology when theology demands belief in things which all of man's means of obtaining real, verifiable knowledge tell him are not so.

"Theology is not religion. It is simply theory about religion. The Bible is not religion; it is history compiled with theological bias of a remarkable people, and mingled with philosophical speculation, mythology, romance and poetry. Many theological scholars admit the truth of these statements, and some do not hesitate themselves to republish them.

"Religion is recognition of the rule of higher power and higher intelligence than man's. If science should ever become so foolish as to oppose itself to that, it would deservedly and utterly fail. But out of, or upon, the fundamental idea of religion theological speculation has built many systems and dogmas which have had their ups and downs, their advances and retreats, their conquests and overthrows, throughout the course of human history.

"All have had their 'revelations,' all have affirmed that they were divinely and specially inspired, and every one of them has proclaimed itself to be the sole possessor and upholder of truth! But the truth that science seeks is universal, not exclusive.

"If you aver that man's means of gaining knowledge mislead him

and that his knowledge is false, how do you go to work to establish your assertion? Ignoring the only method of demonstration that man possesses, the very method upon which you yourself are entirely dependent for all the acts and decisions of your life, you merely say: 'Believe this through faith only.'

"That does not appear to me to be the kind of faith that Christ had in mind when He declared in effect that any man who could attain the faith that He spoke of, and exercise it in perfection, would be sovereign over nature. (See Mark 11, 23, and collate it with Matthew 8, 26, and John 14, 12.) But it does appear to me that Christ's thought runs parallel with the aspiration of science, which, whether avowed or not, is to approach as near as may be the Supreme Intelligence. Can you discern any opposition between what Christ said and the teachings of science that man's course has always been upward?

"Suppose that He were living on earth today among the people of the twentieth century, as He lived among the people of Palestine in the days of the first Cæsars—what course can you suppose that He would pursue with regard to the results of modern scientific progress? Would He command His followers to go back to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, which theology covering itself with His name, once maintained for inspired truth?

"Would He condemn the telephone, the automobile, the printing press, the airplane, wireless telegraphy, life-saving surgery, chemical progress, as the evil works of Satan? Surely no! Yet those things are the children of science only, and are based entirely upon scientific discoveries, nearly all of which have been opposed, maligned, denounced or interdicted by that same theology, until they brushed it out of their way as the rising sun dissolves the lowering mists of an autumn morning.

"Remembering the profound wisdom, the deep insight into man and nature, of the sayings of Christ fragmentarily reported in the New Testament, can you possibly imagine Him today rejecting the geological evidence concerning the vast age of the earth and of life upon the earth? Would He say: 'If ye would enter into Heaven, avoid the natural history museum?'

"For my part I believe that Christ on earth today would be the supreme leader of science. There is a significance never yet fully fathomed in the fact that the great advances of science have all been made in countries where Christian civilization prevails, or where its influence has been predominant, although Christian theology, instead of taking the lead in those advances, has continually opposed them and only yielded with a bad grace when further opposition became plain folly. May that not mean that the true spirit of Christ's teaching is accordant with the spirit of science, whose constant aim is the truth and only the truth?"

Students of Theosophy would be inclined to make this statement more general. Holding that to be a Master is thereby to be immortal

as to the real individuality, they think of the Western Master as existing today, and destined to exist, according to his own words, "even unto the end of the world." And not only do they hold that that Master and all Masters are the real leaders in science, as in all truth, but they hold that the genuine truths of science have been known to Masters for untold ages; and that our "modern" discoveries and achievements, like those enumerated in this article, are simply the most external form of powers habitually used by Masters, together with much greater powers, as incidents in their daily life.

Significant as a "Sign of the Times" is an article by Mr. John Burroughs, in *The North American Review* for September, with the title: "A Sheaf of Nature Notes"; especially significant, because it marks the general reaction against the materialism of nineteenth century science, and, perhaps, because its author has often appeared somewhat biassed towards materialism.

But in the evening of the day comes quietude, and, with quietude, wisdom; and some of the passages to be quoted closely echo *The Secret Doctrine* in its criticism of materialistic views.

Thus H. P. Blavatsky wrote, some thirty-two years ago: "The day *may* come, then, when 'Natural Selection,' as taught by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer, will form only *a part*, in its ultimate modification, of our Eastern doctrine of Evolution. . ." (I, p. 600.)

And John Burroughs, unconsciously fulfilling that prophecy, writes today:

"That Darwin was a great natural philosopher and a good and wise man admits of no question, but to us, at this distance, it seems strange enough that he should have thought that he had hit upon the key to the origin of species in the slow and insensible changes which he fancied species underwent during the course of geologic ages, and should thus have used that phrase as the title of his book. Had he called his work the Variability of Species, or the Modification of Species, it would not have been such a misnomer. Sudden mutations give us new varieties, but not new species. In fact, of the origin of species we know absolutely nothing, no more than we do about the origin of life itself.

"Of the development of species we know some of the factors that play a part, as the influence of environment, the struggle for existence, and the competitions of life. But do we not have to assume an inherent tendency to development, an original impulse as the key to evolution? Accidental conditions and circumstances modify, but do not originate species. The fortuitous plays a part in retarding or hastening a species, and in its extinction, but not in its origin. The record of the rocks reveals to us the relation of species, and their succession in geologic time, but gives no hint of their origin.

"Agassiz believed that every species of animal and plant was the result of a direct and separate act of the Creator. But the rationalist sees the creative energy imminent in matter. Does not one have to

believe in something like this to account for the world as we see it? And to account for us also?—a universal mind or intelligence

> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

"Agassiz was too direct and literal; he referred to the Infinite Mystery in terms of our own wills and acts. When we think of a Creator, and of a thing created as two, we are in trouble at once. They are one, as fire and light are one, as soul and body are one. Darwin said he could not look upon the world as the result of chance, and yet his theory of the origin of species ushers us into a chance world. But when he said, speaking of the infinite variety of living forms about us, that they 'have all been produced by laws acting around us,' he spoke as a great philosopher. But these laws are not fortuitous, or the result of the blind groping of irrational forces."

There follows a very intuitive passage on the world as a living organism, which we would willingly quote if space allowed. Then John Burroughs comes back to Darwin, in passages which are admirably at home in THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY:

"That Darwinism was indirectly one of the causes of the world war seems to me quite obvious. Unwittingly the great and gentle naturalist has more to answer for than he ever dreamed of. His biological doctrine of the struggle for existence, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, fairly intoxicated the Germans from the first. These theories fell in well with their militarism and their natural cruelty and greediness. Their philosophers took them up eagerly. Weissmann fairly made a god of natural selection, as did other German thinkers. And when they were ready for war, the Germans at once applied the law of the jungle to human affairs. The great law of evolution, the triumph of the strong, the supremacy of the fit, became the foundation of their political and national ideals. They looked for no higher proof of the divinity of this law as applied to races and nations, than the fact that the organic world had reached its present stage of development through the operation of this law. Darwin had given currency to these ideals. He had denied that there was any inherent tendency to development, that we lived in a world of chance, and that power only comes to him who exerts power—half truths, all of them.

"The Germans as a people have never been born again into the light of our higher civilization. They are morally blind and politically treacherous. Their biological condition is that of the lower orders, and the Darwinian law of progress came to them as an inspiration. Darwin's mind, in its absence of the higher vision, was a German mind. In his plodding patience, his devotion to details, and in many other ways, his mind was German. But in his candor, his truthfulness, his humility, his simplicity, he was anything but German. Undoubtedly his teachings

bore fruit of a political and semi-political character in the Teutonic mind. The Teutons incorporated the law of the jungle in their ethical code. Had not they the same right to expansion and to the usurpation of the territory and to the treasures of their neighbors that every weed in the fields and even the vermin of the soil and the air have? If they had the sanction of natural law, that was enough; they were quite oblivious to the fact that with man's moral nature had come in a new biological law which Darwin was not called upon to reckon with, but which has tremendous authority and survival value—the law of right, justice, mercy, honor, love.

"We do not look for the Golden Rule among swine and cattle, or among wolves and sharks; we look for it among men; we look for honor, for heroism, for self-sacrifice, among men. None of these things are involved in the Darwinian hypothesis. There is no such thing as right or wrong in the orders below man. These are purely human distinctions. It is not wrong for the wolf to eat the lamb, nor the lamb to eat the grass, but an aggressive war is wrong to the depths of the farthest star. Germany's assault upon the peace and prosperity of the world was a crime against the very heavens.

"Darwin occupied himself only with the natural evolution of organic forms, and not with the evolution of human communities. He treated man as an animal, and fitted him into the zoological scheme. He removed him from the realm of the miraculous into the plane of the natural. For all purposes of biological discussion, man is an animal; but that is not saying he is only an animal, and still under the law of animal evolution. The European man is supposed to have passed the stage of savagery, in which the only rule of right is the rule of might. To have made Darwinism an excuse for a war of aggression, is to have debased a sound natural philosophy to a selfish and ignoble end.

"Germany lifted the law to the human realm and staked her all upon it, and failed. The moral sense of the world—the sense of justice, of fair play, was against her, and inevitably she went down. Her leaders were morally blind. When the rest of the world talked of moral standards, the German leaders said, 'We think you are fools.' But these standards brought England into the war—the sacredness of treaties. It brought the United States in. We saw a common enemy in Germany, an enemy of mankind. We sent millions of our men to France for an ideal—for justice and fair play. To see our standards of right and justice ignored and trampled upon in this way, was intolerable. The thought of the world being swayed by Prussianism was unbearable. I said to myself from the first, 'The Allies have got to win—there is no alternative.' And what astonishes me is that certain prominent Englishmen, such as Lord Morley, John Burns, and others, did not see it. Would they have sat still and watched Germany destroy France and plant herself upon the Channel and make ready to destroy England? The very framework of our moral civilization would have been destroyed. Darwin little dreamed to what his natural selection theory was to lead."

FRAGMENTS

COOL fingers stroke the feverish brow of day. Evening is here with her purple shadows and her fragrant breath. A holy time, when the earth is fading, even to physical eyes, and the heavens growing nearer with the stars. I watched her climb up the hill-side from the valley, where the mists were lying—floating like thin veils behind her. She has a gentle, silent step, yet steady, as one who knows her way,—as well she must, having taken this path how many ages! As she approaches, our light dims, and the snowy peaks above us grow more rose. When she has passed, they will turn violet, and presently take on the likeness of the mists below,—faint, shadowy forms against her purple sky.

Ah! it was good to be here again after long absence: for the day had been very long, and its labours arduous. After she had passed behind the peaks, the bell rang calling us to prayer; and, as often before, I wondered whether the brother's hand upon the bell within the Temple, or some bell she touched behind the stars, drew from the heart such sweetness of response. "She is mysterious, the evening," said one of us. Another said, "Yes, for the world has never seen her eyes."

There was a low laugh; one high in rank said: "She has the mystery of her mother, Nature, God's book of revelation, the mirror of Himself. Yet to behold and read, there must be the eyes to see, and so the bridge, which makes the Trinity. He who would see the eyes of evening must have eyes like hers, lit by the stars, but shadowed to everything save heaven."

CAVÉ.

Journey towards God though you be lamed or crippled in soul; to wait for healing is to lose time.—ABU ABD ALLAH.

"BY WHOM?"

KENA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

I

By whom impelled flies the forward-impelled Mind? By whom compelled does the First Life go forth? By whom impelled is this Voice that they speak? Who, in sooth, is the Bright One who compels sight and hearing?

That which they call the Hearing of hearing, the Mind of mind, the Voice of voice, that is the Life of life, the Sight of sight. Setting this free, the Wise, going forth from this world, become immortal.

Sight goes not thither, nor does voice go thither, nor mind. We have not seen, nor do we know, how one may transmit the understanding of this; for this is other than the known, other than the unknown also.

Thus have we heard from those who were before us, who have declared this unto us.

That which by voice is not spoken, that through whose power voice is spoken; that, verily, know thou as the Spirit, the Eternal, not this which here they honour and serve.

That which does not think through the power of the mind; that by which, they have declared, the mind is thought; that, verily, know thou as the Spirit, the Eternal, not this which here they honour and serve.

That which does not see through the power of sight; that by which he perceives sights; that, verily, know thou as the Spirit, the Eternal, not this which here they honour and serve.

That which does not hear through the power of hearing; that through whose power hearing is heard here; that, verily, know thou as the Spirit, the Eternal, not this which here they honour and serve.

That which does not live through the power of the life-breath; that through whose power the life-breath lives; that, verily, know thou as the Spirit, the Eternal, not this which here they honour and serve.

THERE appear to be two fundamental thoughts in this passage from the beginning of the Upanishad "By Whom?"

The first thought is the character of the Spiritual Man, whom the Upanishads elsewhere call "the Man within, in the Heart"; that is, in the inner, spiritual nature.

The second thought is the immediate relation, the entire dependence of the Spiritual Man on the universal Divine Being, here called Brahma, "the Spirit, the Eternal, the Great Breath." Not only is the Spiritual Man dependent upon the Divine Being, but each and every power of the Spiritual Man depends upon, and draws its being from, the corresponding

power of the Divine Being. This is the meaning of Paul's words: "in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

While these two thoughts are fundamentally one, being two sides of the same reality, it may be simpler to consider them separately.

To begin with the second verse: "That which they call the Hearing of hearing, the Mind of mind, the Voice of voice, that is the Life of life, the Sight of sight. Setting this free, the Wise, going forth from this world, become immortal."

Here, it is a question of the Sight, Hearing, Life-breath, Voice, Mind of the Spiritual Man, "the Man within, in the Heart," on the one hand, and the sight, hearing, life-breath, voice, mind of the outer personality, on the other. The Wise, the disciples, who set free the Spiritual Man, drawing him steadily forth "like the pith from a reed," from the meshes of the personal man, when they go forth from this world, become immortal.

The same thing is beautifully expressed in Katha Upanishad:

"When this lord of the body, standing within the body, departs; when he goes forth free from the body, what is left?"

The phrase, "the Sight of sight, the Hearing of hearing," recalls a kindred passage in Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad:

"The Spirit sees not; yet seeing not, he sees. For the energy that dwelt in sight cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to see.

"The Spirit smells not; yet smelling not, he smells. For the energy that dwelt in the power of smell cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to smell.

"The Spirit tastes not; yet tasting not, he tastes. For the energy that dwelt in taste cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to taste.

"The Spirit speaks not; yet speaking not, he speaks. For the energy that dwelt in speech cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else, besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to speak to.

"The Spirit hears not; yet hearing not, he hears. For the energy that dwelt in hearing cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to hear.

"The Spirit thinks not; yet thinking not, he thinks. For the energy that dwelt in thinking cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to think of.

"The Spirit touches not; yet touching not, he touches. For the energy that dwelt in touch cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to touch.

"The Spirit knows not; yet knowing not, he knows. For the energy

that dwelt in knowing cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to know."

Here again, we are concerned with the two sides of the same reality: on the one hand, the Spiritual Man, whose powers are formed of the essence, the energy, within the external powers; and, on the other hand, the unified Eternal Spirit, of which it cannot be said that it "sees, hears, knows," since there is no other being, separate from it, for it to see, hear, know. Nevertheless, within that Eternal Spirit dwell the essences, the energies, of all the powers; and from these centres of power, of spiritual energy, in the Eternal Spirit, are directly derived the different powers of the Spiritual Man.

Exactly the same thought appears to underlie the four unnumbered rules at the beginning of *Light on the Path.*

One may, perhaps, be permitted to add, within parentheses, a few words which will bring this out; premising, at the same time, that the full meaning goes much deeper, as is shown by the Author's Comments on these unnumbered rules.

If, then, it be permitted to add certain words, these rules would read thus:

"Before the (inner) eyes can see the (outer eyes) must be incapable of tears. Before the (inner) ear can hear (the outer ear) must have lost its sensitiveness. Before the (inner) voice can speak in the presence of the Masters (the outer voice) must have lost the power to wound. Before the soul (the Spiritual Man) can stand in the presence of the Masters its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart (through the purification of the whole personal nature)."

These parallels would seem to make sufficiently clear the thought of the Spiritual Man, the "lord of the body, standing within the body."

Yet the more vital side of the matter still remains to be emphasized: namely, that the Spiritual Man is not for a moment self-subsistent or self-dependent, but, moment by moment, draws his life-breath and the life of every one of his powers directly from the Eternal, the Spirit, the Great Breath.

And the whole life and development of the Spiritual Man depends on the practical realization of this moment to moment dependence on the Great Spirit; therefore the Upanishads are full of the Eternal.

With the sense of the overshadowing, over-ruling Eternal as guide, we may now take up the separate verses of the Upanishad "By Whom?" in the attempt to make their meaning clearer.

To the question: "By whom impelled flies the forward-impelled Mind?" the answer is: The Mind is impelled forward, impelled into objective life, by the Eternal; by that power, that ray of the Eternal, which may be called the Mind of the Eternal, the Mind of God; not in the general sense of the whole Logos, but in the special sense of that ray or

principle of the Logos, which has the nature of Mind, and of which the human mind, and the mind in other living beings, is the ray, the manifestation.

In the same way, the answer to the second question: "By whom compelled does the First Life go forth?" is, that the compelling power which sends the first life, the ruling vital breath, into manifestation, is the Life-principle in the Eternal, the principle corresponding to the vital principle in human and other life; or rather, the principle which is the source and fountain of that life, and to which that life corresponds.

Similarly, the answer to the next question: "By whom impelled is this Voice that they speak?" is that this Voice, which means not only the actual power of speech, but the energizing, creative force which lies within and behind speech, and to which speech owes whatever it possesses of compelling force, is the ray, the representative of a like primal power or ray in the Eternal: that special power which has given the name Logos, "the Word," to the whole Being of the manifested Eternal.

The question: "Who, in sooth, compels sight and hearing?" may be answered in the same way. There is the primal power, the source and fountain head of these two forms of perception, in the manifested Eternal. These rays come down and manifest themselves in us, and in other living things, as the sight and hearing that we are familiar with, the ordinary perceptive powers which make use of the eyes and ears as their instruments.

We have, therefore, three groups or levels of these powers: first, their primal essence and source in the manifested Eternal; second, their manifestation in the Spiritual Man, the immortal, indicated in the second verse of the Upanishad; and, third, their everyday manifestation in the outer man. And one may conceive direct lines of connection, originating in each power of the Eternal; passing through the corresponding power of the Spiritual Man and continued to the outer power of the personal man, the eye, the ear, and so on.

Further, it would be wise to think of the Spiritual Man in two aspects, or, one might express it, at two stages. The first is the primal, ideal stage, which one might liken to an outline drawing of the future Spiritual Man. The second is the Spiritual Man, rendered fully conscious and individual by the transfer to him of the centred consciousness developed in the outer personality.

This transfer of the centred consciousness to the Spiritual Man is indicated in the first section of the second part of Katha Upanishad:

"The Self-Being pierced the openings outwards; hence one looks outward, not within himself. A wise man looked towards the Self with reverted sight, seeking deathlessness."

In this "reversion," this transfer of consciousness to the Spiritual Man, there are two principal elements: detachment from the outer, so constantly urged in the *Bhagavad Gita,* and recollection or one-pointed concentration, of which Patanjali has so much to say.

This phrase from Katha Upanishad may very well be taken as the answer to the question: "By whom impelled flies the forward-impelled Mind? . . . Who, in sooth, compels sight and hearing?" The answer is: The Self-Being, the manifested Logos.

We come now to the third verse: "Sight goes not thither, nor does voice go thither, nor mind. . . ."

It is a question of making known, so far as that can be known, the nature and being of the Eternal, the Spirit, the Great Breath. That Spirit cannot be seen by the eyes; it is not externally visible as are natural objects. Nor can it be described in words, nor thought of by the external mind, the mental machine; because the mind-machine and the words it uses have both been developed to meet and describe external conditions of manifested things. Therefore they cannot be adequately used to describe or discern the Unmanifest.

The Spirit, the Eternal, is other than the known: other than what is perceived and known by the external senses and the mind-machine. But, since this Spirit is, as we have seen, the source and fountain head of each of these powers, and of the mind also, the Spirit cannot be regarded as alien and infinitely remote. It is, therefore, different from the unknown also.

Concerning the transmission of the knowledge of this, we should always keep in mind the fundamental fact that all Consciousness is ultimately one. There is no absolute chasm, no complete solution of continuity, between my personal consciousness at this moment, and the infinite Consciousness of the Eternal. We are not isolated lives, we are not islands of consciousness; or we are islands only in the sense that all islands are connected together, beneath the ocean.

If it were not for this connection, existing at this moment, existing everlastingly, the matter of our salvation, our liberation, would be hopeless. The chasm could never be bridged.

But the link is there, the connection is there, the bridge is there; it is only a question of our passing over the bridge; and detachment and recollection, which take advantage of the divine forces stretched out toward us, will carry us across.

The knowledge of the Eternal, therefore, could never be transmitted from one isolated soul to another. But, since the Eternal is in both, no such transmission is needed. What is needed is the direction of the attention to what is already there: the divine light within the heart. And one may say that the whole of the Upanishads exist, simply to direct our attention to that "inward light."

The remaining sentences of the passage translated are intended to awaken the intuition of that inward light, to direct our attention to it, to make us more vividly aware of its presence and nature.

The inward light, the divine power within, is "that through whose power voice is spoken." For speech is an expression, a using, of both understanding and will; and understanding and will are manifestations

of the inward divine life. And it should be kept in mind, as pointed out before, that "voice" means, not so much uttered speech, as the divine and magical force within speech and manifested by speech; the creative power represented by the pentecostal tongues of flame.

That divine, creative power, therefore, the power which lies behind uttered speech, is to be known as the Spirit; not "this which here they honour and serve."

This last phrase is interpreted by the traditional commentaries as indicating the popular divinities, Agni, Vayu, Indra, and the rest; personified rays of the infinite Spirit, the Great Breath.

But we may take the matter more intimately: "this which here they honour and serve" fairly represents the personal self, whom most of us do so inveterately honour and serve.

It is a question, therefore, of detachment; a question of changing self-love into love of the Divine; of transferring the consciousness from the outer man to the Spiritual Man.

But here it is well to keep in mind what was said at the outset: the vital fact about the Spiritual Man is, that he lives and breathes through the life of the Eternal in him. Not for an instant may he be thought of as separate and independent; his very being depends, from instant to instant, upon the Eternal, and upon ceaseless obedience to the laws of the Eternal. This immediate dependence of the Spiritual Man on the Eternal is the foremost fact of his being.

For the disciple, this will mean that his inner life is sustained from moment to moment by the life of his Master, who embodies and focusses the Eternal for him; the life-breath of the disciple will be unceasing obedience to the will of the Eternal, expressed through the will of his Master.

This will not mean passivity. Far from it, since the will of the Eternal is a divine, creative will. Therefore obedience to the divine will, the Master's will, and response to that will, means the gradual exercise of divine, creative power, but always in entire compliance with the plan of the Master, the Eternal.

The Upanishad goes on to fix our attention upon the inner Spirit within each of our powers: sight, hearing, life-breath, mind. The purpose is recollection, inwardness, to be brought about through detachment and concentration; thus gradually transferring to the Spiritual Man the life-forces previously squandered upon the outer man, and at the same time constantly keeping alive the intuition and recognition of the Eternal, the Spirit, the Great Breath, as the source and inspiration and home of the Spiritual Man.

C. J.

(*To be continued.*)

ROMANCE

WHAT is Romance? Not, what is *a* romance, but what is Romance itself?

A glance at the dictionary definitions will show that while none of them does better than to summon before the reader his own instinctive intimation of what Romance is, nevertheless there are indications that historically both the word Romance and the idea behind it, have a very rich and suggestive meaning. Webster claims that Romance is "a species of fictitious writing," and again, "any fictitious and wonderful tale; a sort of novel, especially one which treats of surprising adventures usually befalling a hero or a heroine; a tale of extravagant adventures of love and the like." Under "Romantic," this dictionary approaches somewhat closer to the heart of the subject, when it says, "Pertaining or appropriate to the style of the Christian and popular literature of the Middle Ages, as opposed to the classical antique; hence, fictitious, extravagant, fanciful," etc. Stormonth improves this by adding, "and with which the sublime and beautiful are more or less blended;" while the *Century* contributes, "an ideal state of things; partaking of the heroic, the marvellous, the supernatural, or the imaginative."

Adding together what is best in these definitions, the result, though suggestive, says no more than that Romance is composed of certain general elements. At the same time, such terms as "extravagant" and "fanciful" are used with "supernatural" and "sublime" in a way that is confusing and misleading. Can a thing be at once extravagant and truly supernatural, truly sublime? And why is "the Christian and popular literature of the Middle Ages" "opposed to the classical antique?" Is Romance a thing confined to the Christian age, and if so, what of all the loves and fights and adventures of Homer's day and before. What did Macaulay mean when he wrote in his essay on History: "History commenced among the modern nations of Europe, as it had commenced among the Greeks, in romance?"

Rather than undertake to answer these questions methodically, it would seem better to attempt some exposition of what we mean by Romance, developing the theme from an independent basis; and then to apply the result to such questions as may remain unanswered.

Romance is a light of eternity irradiating the unexplained events familiar to our everyday experience and consciousness. It is the antidote to scientific or prosaic realism. It does not lead to idealism, the opposite to realism; it reveals truth. It sees things as they are *sub specie eternitatis,* bathed in the rosy glow of divine illumination. It brings to our eyes, holden by false material lights and blinded by passion and desire, the vision of nature and of life more nearly as they are. Romance is the sparkling of the diamond—truth.

Therefore Romance itself exists. It is in, and of, reality; inherent in life as a radiance, as the essential poetry and joy and mystery of a divinely ordered activity. Romance is nature's charm; "that light whose *smile* kindles the universe." When Romance itself is seen or felt or apprehended in any way, then we have come upon eternal life. For true life is a romance; and so life, seen truly, is romantic. Romance, therefore, is at once a way of understanding the interplay of the love and mystery and beauty and joy of things, and a new quality that springs from their union and harmony. Until life is seen as radiant immortality, in terms of love and mystery and beauty and joy, it is not really seen at all. "Remember, moreover, that only to those who are deaf is life a cry; it is a song: and if this be true of life in general, it is also true of life in particular, of your life and of theirs." Life *seen* in such terms is Romance; to *see* the Song of Life is Romance.

The so-called Romantic schools of art—poets, painters, sculptors, musicians—felt or saw or heard, something of real life, of immortal life.

> "For sure so fair a place was never seen,
> Of all that ever charmed romantic eye."

The Romancer sees at once what *is*, and what may be, what should be. He has the "romantic eye"—a thing in measure given, it would seem, to many; though in its higher and more penetrating sense, given only to him who, as having the ear to hear, has also the eye to see. Youth, more than any other age, and most of the great artists, possess this eye: youth, because it is innocent, and because "the pure in heart see God;" artists, because they have imaginations which are purified at least in part.

Wordsworth, a true poet, has spoken for the capacity of youth for romance, at the same time revealing a high order of the romance-vision of the artist.

> "There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.
> . . . . . .
> Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
> Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
> That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
> Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
> Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
> On whom those truths do rest,
> Which we were toiling all our lives to find,
> In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
> Thou, over whom thy Immortality
> Broods like the day, a Master o'er a Slave,
> A Presence which is not to be put by . . ."

It is, perhaps, because there is "a Presence which is not to be put by," a centre of immortal life, of reality, in most of us—because most men and women have experienced moments when the veils of their own self-deception melted away before the radiance of some inner divine fire of love or religion or passionate endeavour, that so many crave Romance. People speak wistfully of such moments; they cherish and reverence the ideals, the "dreams," of youth; so few, alas, dare to hope for their return. But Romance has been, it *is*, known; the imagination has been stirred; and imagination, the pioneer of the will, creates a fairy-land of mystery, of beauty, of happiness, of things as they ought to be, "moving about in worlds not realized."

Spenser, perhaps the greatest Romance poet, says quite frankly that "Glory" is the "Faerie Queene" whom Arthure "went to seeke her forth in Faerie Land;" and Malory takes us into another, similar world of his own creation, differing from others only in the individual contribution of his particular mind. "We must have symbols," says Emerson. "The child asks you for a story, and is thankful for the poorest. It is not poor to him, but radiant with meaning. The man asks for a novel—that is, asks leave for a few hours to be a poet, and to paint things as they ought to be. The youth asks for a poem. The very dunces wish to go to the theater. What private heavens can we not open, by yielding to all the suggestions of rich music!"

These "private heavens," our individual romances, are very much nearer to real heaven than we believe. They are the moulds into which heaven pours itself. The lover who dreams of his beloved; the warrior who pictures a happy hunting ground or Valhalla; the novelist, who, like Charles Reade in his wild romance of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, knows that "to save a human life, and that life a loved one: such moments are worth living for, ay three-score years and ten;" the artists who, from a Giotto to a Maxfield Parish, see that the world has no limits; and the poet who tells us,

> "Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint
> As from beyond the limit of the world,
> Like the last echo born of a great cry,
> Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
> Around a king returning from his wars."

—all these visions *are* heaven, if we will see them so. And they are Romance. It is for men, not merely to dream romances, but to create them, to live them.

The light by which we see the world comes out from our own souls. It may be the light of hell; it is more often the grey light of earth; it can be the light of heaven. "'Tis the good reader that makes the good book," says Emerson; and again, "The world is enlarged for us, not by new objects, but by finding more affinities and potencies in those we have." It is this which the child does instinctively. He is the prince he

dreams, he walks past bowing courtiers, through embattled castles; he fights unnumbered hosts of giants and wild beasts; he lives adventures in a world of gold and azure and loveliness. He fits all he knows of life into his dream, and this world of his creation is truer to him than everyday life. "We live among gods of our own creation." Wordsworth is right; heaven is near, is reached, by such creative imagination, heaven does often lie "about us in our infancy."

But, when the child grows up—

> "Earth fills her lap with pleasures all her own;—
> To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
> Forget the glories he hath known,
> And that imperial palace whence he came."

Earth, dull bare earth, with the mock "pleasures all her own," deceives man as to the truth, paints his life in harsh, drab colours, and tries to rob him, by enmeshing him in self-created lies, of those

> "High instincts before which our mortal Nature
> Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised."

And so we turn to the seers, the poets, the artists, who, to use Keat's words, teach us

> "Tales and golden histories
> Of heaven and its mysteries."

When their best efforts fall short of realization, when their words, their pictures, their music are but faint echoes, "shadowy recollections," then we, the earthbound, say that they romance, and the dictionaries use such words as "extravagant" and "fanciful." But though we must recognize the fact that there are degrees of Romance, degrees of vision, of understanding, and inevitable distortion, yet in all Romance worthy the name is a vista to a larger truth. A single flash bespeaks the diamond. Hence the universal popularity of novels, of plays, of *romans d'aventures,* of operas, and of landscapes, which, in one sense, have no basis whatever in the plain facts of life, but which hint that excitement is a perversion of that intense yearning of the heart for God which will carry a man through the fiery trial; that passions both good and evil are, after all, revelations of how high pitched and vibrant immortal life really is; that adventure is fulfilled only in the final Quest of the Holy of Holies; that operas remind us of a time "when the morning stars sang together"; and that Nature is the vesture of God, which only the pure in heart may hope to see truly.

For the moment we are not concerned with the technicalities of an art, of how such effects are produced; nor of the fact that "realist" schools, so called, are seeking the same revelation by another method. The realist will meet Romance before his goal is attained. But Romance makes a contribution all its own, because it reveals itself. Deny its existence, and you rob yourself of the best of life—of all the plus qual-

ities, of spices, and of sugar coating. Accept it, and you are in touch with a mystery. For Romance is pre-eminently a quality of the heart, and so leads us to the heart of life.

From the foregoing, it will perhaps be divined that the Gods, the Masters, live lives of the truest Romance. And it is my belief that, as in heaven the everyday life of a Master is one long, thrilling, adventurous Romance, so on earth the greatest Romances ever enacted have had something of the life of the Masters in them. For it is immortal life that is the home of Romance, and there must be the touch of immortality to create Romance.

It becomes, therefore, of special significance to discover that Romance, both as a technical word in the history of literature, and as an intellectual conception, seems specifically restricted to the Christian era. For this would suggest that the incarnation of the Master Christ infused the necessary consciousness into mankind to conceive of Romance. He, so to speak, brought the consciousness of Romance with him, when he came. Romance existed before, but men did not see it, their capacity to appreciate it lay dormant within them, not yet awakened by cyclic evolution. Only those who had risen above the world and claimed their immortality, had any conception of life as romantic. The Romance of Christ's life and nature, his presence in men's hearts, awoke the higher, the new consciousness in them. A new light had come into the world, all life and nature were filled with a new radiance. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of *lights,* with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

It is a fact that the word Romance itself first appears applied to the language of Gaul or France, as it developed from the Roman or Latin language at the close of the "dark ages." Coincident with this "Romance" language, appeared a body of literature, the first truly romantic literature to exist; which literature, because it was written in this Romance language, came to be called "Romance." So the special language, and the special literature appeared approximately together. The gradual development of romance literature, embodying certain new ideas, formulated a new conception, that of Romance itself, or the romantic, with which everyone is to-day familiar, but which, before A. D. 1000, was not sufficiently present in the minds of men to produce literature. It can be seen, however, in the lives and words of early Christian soldiers and saints.

There is no equivalent that we can discover in any pre-Christian language, within the historic period, for the word, or for the idea, romance. Romance appears specifically to be a development of Christian civilization, and I should go further and say that it is characteristically Christian. This is so clearly recognized an historic fact that Webster defines Romance as "Pertaining or appropriate to the style of the Christian and popular literature of the Middle Ages, as opposed to the classical antique."

The Romans, the Greeks, the Semitic races, probably even the Chinese, Persians, and Hindus, had no conception of life

such as is conveyed to us by the adjective romantic. We, looking back on events in Greek life, for example, as it is depicted in their literature, call this and another incident romantic, or a romance. Perhaps the loves of Hero and Leander might serve as an excellent illustration. The Christian world conceives this story as filled with romantic beauty; but we read into it the feelings and understanding of our own hearts. The original poem of Musæus—whether he be the chosen disciple and spiritual son of Orpheus (about 1400 B. C.) as Virgil and Suidas celebrate, or a fourth century poet of the same name—the poem *itself* does not contain or set forth *our* ideas. It is, even in translation, an exquisite poem, full of lyric beauty; of rare simplicity, and portraying high passion and a noble virility. But both Hero and Leander are children. It is delightful to see two doves billing and cooing. The doves, perhaps, might be said to know what they are doing, in a way. Sweethearts of five and four are also aware, in a sense, of what they are doing. But though many of the romantic elements are present, true Romance is lacking, because the self-consciousness of the individuals is incomplete. It is grown men and women who see Romance in the little loves of children, not the children themselves. Romance, if it reveal immortal life, must be mature, must have the self-consciousness of the heart to be complete. The loves of Hero and Leander might have been mature, their ultimate experience was certainly maturing, but the Greek poem which is our source, does not so render them.

It is very difficult to illustrate such a point by comparing a late translation from the Greek, with an equally sophisticated translation of such an early example of Romance as *Aucassin and Nicolette;* a reading of both the poems entire would more easily establish the contrast. Yet, compare with the love of Aucassin, that of Leander, as rendered by Fawkes in the following passage:

> "Yet, beauteous Hero, grant a lover's prayer,
> And to my wishes prove as kind as fair.
> As Venus' priestess, just to Venus prove,
> Nor shun the gentle offices of love.
> O let us, while the happy hour invites,
> Propitious, celebrate the nuptial rites. . . .
> Then, as you fear the goddess to offend,
> In me behold your husband and your friend,
> Ordained by Cupid, greatest god above,
> To teach you all the mysteries of love."

Separated from Nicolette by a storm:—

> " 'Neath the keep of strong Beaucaire,
> On a day of summer fair,
> At his pleasure, Aucassin
> Sat with baron, friend and kin.

Then upon the scent of flowers,
Song of birds, and golden hours,
Full of beauty, love, regret,
Stole the dream of Nicolette,
Came the tenderness of years;
So he drew apart in tears."

The Greeks found beauty in nature; they did not find love. Cupid could teach love, but Cupid never gave his heart to men. Aucassin finds love, finds romance, in the song of birds, in the scent of flowers. He has felt, he is conscious of that "Sacred Heart," which is ever on his lips, even in this early poem. "Nicolette searched his hurt, and perceived that the shoulder was out of joint. She handled it so deftly with her white hands, and used such skilful surgery, that by the grace of God (who loveth all true lovers) the shoulder came back to its place."

God was in his world, not as thundering Jove on Mount Olympus, but as Father, interested in and loving his children. The incarnation of the Son of God, an incarnation motived by pure love of God and men, brought love, a new love, into the world. And as the heart is the centre of love-consciousness, so the world to-day has had a heart infused into it. The gods, the Masters, no longer are felt to stand above or apart from the world of nature and of men, but are immanent in them; their celestial radiance shines upon them, as

". . . that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
That fire for which all thirst."

A Romance is not the word which we should use naturally about the life of Christ. Yet, if we examine that life in terms of Romance, each and all of the elements are present, proving to us that it is, what it must be, the greatest example of Romance "come true" that the earth has so far seen. Mr. George Saintsbury has analysed the elements of Romance, from the literary point of view, in so acute and able a manner, that we shall take over his terms almost bodily; laying, however, a somewhat different stress upon certain of those elements which do not much concern him in a strictly literary essay, but which have a special interest for us. Mr. Saintsbury's article in the 11th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (vol. xxiii, pp. 500-504) to which we refer, is by far the best essay on the subject we have seen—more comprehensive, and showing with the temperance of the scholar, a deeper understanding and insight, than that of any of the older studies. He appreciates all that Mr. Babbitt fails to realize, that Mr. Ker undervalues, and that Scott ignores. He suggests that Romance comprises, in order, "war, love, and religion; . . . the typical rather than individual character; . . . the admix-

ture of the marvellous, not merely though mainly as part of the religious element; the presence of the chivalrous ideal;" and, together with "adventure," "the world-old motive of the quest."

Each and all of these elements will be seen to have their ultimate source in spiritual life, in the life of the disciple, and of the Master. It cannot be found anywhere else—there is no final explanation of the *raison d'être* for war, for love, for religion, for chivalry, outside the fullness of immortal, spiritual life. There has been no greater single fight than that waged in the temple at Jerusalem and on Cavalry. There has been no greater adventure than the quest of a whole world of hearts, nor one inspired by a greater love. Nor has there ever been a finer consideration of the feelings of others, a more superb self-restraint, a more absolute loyalty, greater self-sacrifice, more magnificent heroism—in a word, such ideal chivalry, as that portrayed in the Gospel narratives.

It was the incarnation of Christ which, endowing us with heart, made such things part of our human consciousness, made us *self-conscious* of them, not merely as isolated virtues, but as a unity, as an individual perfection necessary to establish the ideal man, and the ideal state of society. Christ added to the very trees and flowers a magic they had not possessed before; and I am convinced if we could hear the way birds sang 100 B. C. we should inevitably discern that their song to-day had deepened in quality, springing more from the heart and appealing more to the heart. Must not the incarnation of every Avatar as set forth in theosophic teaching, bring with it a new, individual gift from the Lodge for the whole manifested universe? This new consciousness of the heart then, may be regarded as the distinguishing mark of the whole cycle of Christianity, which the classical age had never known. In its realization, the literature, the art, of our world, entered upon a new cycle, a new phase, the cycle of the heart, and of the self-consciousness, the maturity, which comes when we awake to the realization of love.

Romance is, therefore, for us, an achievement of Christianity. Mr. Saintsbury, striving to distinguish between all the adventure and story-telling of the Ancients, and the Romances of Christianity, notes that "two things were still wanting which were all-powerful in the romances proper—Chivalry and Religion." There is no literature, outside specific scriptural writing, that expresses the religious-mindedness of man so completely as Romance-literature—which puts Christianity as the basis of its whole structure—and that depends so completely upon a strictly religious interpretation of life, upon so high a moral ethic. Mr. Saintsbury emphasizes "The singular *purity* of the romances as a whole"; and he says, "In a very wide reading of romance the present writer does not remember more than two or three passages of romance proper (that is to say before the later part of the 15th century) which could be called obscene by any fair judge." Illicit love, as we now judge such things, is freely portrayed, but "it is never spoken of lightly and is always punished; nor are the pictures of it ever coarsely drawn."

Together with its elevated tone, Romance literature portrays chivalry; and as a consequence, the world to-day conceives of Romance as imbued with the chivalric ideal. Romance appeals to the hero, and to the heroic; another clue as to its acting as a guide to the inner world; because, contained within the Greek traditions (*cf.*, for example, Hesiod, *Works and Days, Works,* II. 187-224) were echoes, and more than echoes, of the Third Race, when the *Nirmanakayas* reappeared "as Kings, Rishis and heroes," as Madame Blavatsky tells us in the *Secret Doctrine.* The memory, and almost the deification, of heroes, from Greek and also Scandinavian sources, persisted into the period of the Middle Ages when Romance literature appeared. So we find included the whole cycle of "quest" romances, depicting more or less vaguely and generally the initiations of the knight or "hero."

The chivalric ideal, the Quest, the exaltation of women, the consecration of life to a cause, as that of religion, or of the church, or of a lady, or of honour—these things are the outward expression of Romance, are the efforts made by mankind to bring Romance out of the land of dreams, into everyday life. And we miss the import of these phases of human endeavour if we fail to discern that they carry with them the vitality of spiritual life. It is the genius of great minds to have visualized them; it is the rarer genius of great men actually to have lived them. For Romance *has* "come true," and some day we shall all live our perfect Romance.

A. G.

To praise God means that all his life long a man glorifies, reverences, and venerates the Divine Omnipotence. The praise of God is the meet and proper work of the angels and the saints in heaven, and of loving men on earth. God should be praised by desire, by the lifting up of all our powers, by words, by works, with body and with soul, and with whatsoever one possesses; in humble service, from without and from within. He who does not praise God while here on earth shall in eternity be dumb.—JOHN OF RUYSBROECK.

HUMAN IMMORTALITY AND PRE-EXISTENCE

II

THE second half of Dr. M'Taggart's book is, as we have said, of even greater interest than the first.* It constitutes one of the best popular expositions we have seen of the philosophic rationale of reincarnation. It restates the principal arguments, familiar to students of Theosophy, for believing that, "if men are immortal, it is more probable that the beginning of the present life, in which each of us finds himself now, was not the beginning of his whole existence, but that he lived before it, as he will live after it." Dr. M'Taggart refers to the fact that, though declared heretical by the early Church at Rome, "there seems nothing in pre-existence incompatible with any of the dogmas which are generally accepted as fundamental in Christianity"; and he points out that " it was taught by Buddha and Plato, and is usually associated with the belief in immortality in the far east." "Why," he asks, "should men who are so anxious to-day to prove that we shall live after this life is ended, regard the hypothesis that we have already survived the end of a life, as one which is beneath consideration? . . . I do not see how existence in future time could be shown to be necessary in the case of any being whose existence in past time is admitted not to be necessary."

When it is granted that immortality and pre-existence are logically bound together, Dr. M'Taggart proceeds to a consideration of the reasons for believing that their truth implies the probability of a long cycle of births and deaths through reincarnation. "Each man would have at least three lives, his present life, one before it, and one after it. It seems more probable, however, that this would not be all, and that his existence before and after his present life would in each case be divided into many lives, each bounded by birth and death."

"If we accept immortality and reject a plurality of lives, . . . we must hold that the causes, whatever they are, which operate on each of us so as to cause his death once, will never operate again on any of us through all future time, . . . the death which ends his present life for each of us will change profoundly and permanently the conditions of all future life. And for this there seems no justification. . .

"It might be admitted that a state of absolute perfection would render further death improbable. But even the best men are not, when they die, in such a state of intellectual and moral perfection as would fit them to enter heaven immediately, if heaven is taken as a state of absolute perfection which renders all further improvement unnecessary and

* *Human Immortality and Pre-existence*, by Dr. J. Ellis M'Taggart, published by Longmans, Green & Co.

impossible. . . But if our existence after our present life is imperfect, and a state of improvement and advance, it has not yet reached that absolute perfection which might make future deaths improbable. And it seems to me that the natural inference from this view . . . is that this life will be followed by others like it, each separated from its predecessor and successor by death and rebirth. For otherwise we should be limited to the hypothesis that a process of development begun in a single life bounded by death, would be continued as an indefinitely long life, not divided by birth and death at all. And to suppose, without any reason, such a change from the order of our present experience seems unjustifiable."

In addition to the argument drawn from the "law of cycles," as it is termed in theosophic literature,—whereby day follows night, summer winter, and periods of outbreathing succeed those of inbreathing,—Dr. M'Taggart considers the necessity of the causes which we have put in motion, working out to their conclusions. "We continually find that death leaves a fault without retribution, a retribution without a repentance, a preparation without an achievement, while, in other cases, where the life has lasted longer, a similar process is complete between birth and death. If men survive death, we must expect that these processes, when not worked out before death, will be worked out in a future life." Without mention of Karma, as such, he shows its determining influence upon the question of reincarnation; and one by one rephrases, omitting all technical terms, many of the classic theosophical arguments.

He adduces the differences in personal character and circumstance, and the strength of the ties which bind our hearts to our friends, as two features of our present life which can be explained more satisfactorily on the basis of reincarnation than on any other. "Two people who have seen but little of each other are often drawn together by a force equal to that which is generated in other cases by years of mutual trust and mutual assistance. The significance of this fact has been, I think, very much underrated. . . On the theory of pre-existence such relations would naturally be explained by the friendships of past lives. The love which comes at first sight, and the love which grows up through many years in this life, would be referred to similar causes, whose similarity would account for the similarity of the effects. Each would have arisen through long intimacy, and the only difference between them would be that, in one case, the intimacy had been suspended by death and re-birth.

"Again, as a man grows up, certain tendencies and qualities make themselves manifest in him. They cannot be entirely due to his environment, for they are often very different in people whose environment has been very similar. We call these the man's natural character, and assume that he came into life with it. Such tendencies and qualities, since they are not due to anything which happens after birth, may be called innate, as far as the present life is concerned.

"Now when we look at the natural characters of men, we find that in many cases they possess qualities strongly resembling those which, as we learn by direct experience, can be produced in the course of a single life. One man seems to start with an impotence to resist some particular temptation, which exactly resembles the impotence which has been produced in another man by continually yielding to the same temptation. One man, again, has through life a calm and serene virtue, which another gains only by years of strenuous effort. . . If we hold the doctrine of pre-existence, we shall naturally explain these, also, as being the condensed results of experience—in this case, of experience in an earlier life."

The part played by heredity, often held to be sufficiently determinative of a man's innate character to nullify this argument for pre-existence, is discussed at some length; and the reader is led to see that, so far from the action of heredity being opposed to the law of Karma, it may be regarded as but a means whereby that law is fulfilled—part of the machinery by which the reincarnating ego obtains, in each life, bodily and personal characteristics expressive of the inner character he has built up through past lives.

"If a man's character is determined by his previous lives, how can it also be determined by the character of the ancestors by whose bodies his body was generated?

"There is, however, no real difficulty here. . . . The character which a man has at any time is modified by circumstances which happen to him at that time, and may well be modified by the fact that his re-birth is in a body descended from ancestors of a particular character.

"Thus the two ways in which the character in this life is said to be determined need not be inconsistent, since they can both co-operate in the determination, the tendencies inherited with the body modifying the character as it was left at the end of the previous life. But there is no impossibility in supposing that the characteristics in which we resemble the ancestors of our bodies, may be to some degree characteristics due to our previous lives. In walking through the streets of London, it is extremely rare to meet a man whose hat shows no sort of adaptation to his head. Hats in general fit their wearers with far greater accuracy than they would if each man's hat were assigned to him by lot. And yet there is very seldom any causal connection between the shape of the head and the shape of the hat. A man's head is never made to fit his hat, and, in the great majority of cases, his hat is not made to fit his head. The adaptation comes about by each man selecting, from hats made without any special reference to his particular head, the hat which will suit his particular head best.

"This may help us to see that it would be possible to hold that a man whose nature had certain characteristics when he was about to be re-born, would be re-born in a body descended from ancestors of a similar character. His character when re-born would, in this case, be decided, as far as the points in question went, by his character in his

previous life, and not by the character of the ancestors of his new body. But it would be the character of the ancestors of the new body, and its similarity to his character, which determined the fact that he was re-born in that body rather than another. The shape of the head—to go back to our analogy—does not determine the shape of the hat, but it does determine the selection of this particular hat for this particular head."

Dr. M'Taggart's discussion of this point is particularly valuable because it makes no effort to insist upon a theoretical degree of adjustment (of inherited bodily and temperamental characteristics to the individual innate character) greater than the observed facts of life justify. As a man must choose his hat from those obtainable in the shops at the time he comes to buy—though their fashion may not please him—so the reincarnating ego is limited in its choice of bodies, and to obtain one element, which it wants, must take others that it does not want. Thus it is that a man's true self and character are often submerged under hereditary characteristics that are in no permanent sense his own, but pertain solely to his instrument. These must be worked through, and sloughed off, before we really become ourselves, and this is no small part of the difficulty that confronts each one of us.

Students of Theosophy will not find it hard, however, to reconcile this apparent divergence from perfect adjustment—this modification of personal character by the circumstances and heredity of birth—with the universal justice of Karmic law. Though Dr. M'Taggart does not deal at length with this phase of the question, he points out that the ties which we form with those we love become such a close and intimate part of the nature of the self, and involve so many unfinished interactions, that it must be supposed that those who were associated together in the past must come together in the future. We might speak of this as group reincarnation, and it goes far to make clear what might otherwise be obscure. It bears directly on the modification of the individual character which heredity may cause. As we, in past lives, have influenced for good or bad the character of those with whom we were associated, so is it just that they should influence us; and the hereditary modification of character, which we receive from our parents, may be regarded as precisely such an interaction.

A question that is frequently asked is, How is each person brought into connection with the new body that is most appropriate to him? To this Dr. M'Taggart answers:

"I do not see any difficulty here. We know that various substances, which have chemical affinities for one another, will meet and combine, separating themselves to do so, from other substances with which they have been in previous connection. And we do not see anything so strange or paradoxical in this result as to make us unwilling to recognize its truth. There seems to me nothing more strange or paradoxical in the suggestion that each person enters into connection with the body which is most fitted to be connected with him. And if there were any difficulty

in this supposition, it is a difficulty which would be just as serious for the theory adopted by most believers in immortality who reject pre-existence."

One of the most interesting sections of the book deals with the question of memory. To Dr. M'Taggart, "it is certain that in this life we remember no previous lives, whether it be because we have forgotten them, or because there have been none to remember," and though we may well question the universal validity of this assumption, it is clearly true of the vast majority of mankind, and it raises the fundamental problem of the personal value of an immortality which appears, for most men as they now are, to proceed through life after life, blotting out the memory of each as it is completed. Dr. M'Taggart handles this problem in masterly fashion, and it will well repay us to follow the outline of his argument.

"Sometimes, indeed," he begins, "it has been asserted that such a state would not be immortality at all. Without memory of my present life, it is said, my future life would not be mine. If memory ceases at the death of my body, I cease with it, and I am not immortal.

"If each life had no continuity with its successors, and no effect on them, then indeed there might be little meaning in calling them lives of the same person. But we cannot suppose that this would be the case. If the same self passes through various lives, any change which happens to it at any time must affect its state in the time immediately subsequent, and through this in all future time. Death and re-birth, no doubt, are of sufficient importance to modify a character considerably, but they could only act on what was already present, and the nature with which each individual starts in any life would be moulded by his experiences and actions in the past. And this is sufficient to make the identity between the different lives real. . . .

"We may then say that, in spite of the loss of memory, it is the same person who lives in the successive lives. But has such immortality as this any value for the person who is immortal?

"I do not propose to discuss whether any immortality has any value. . . . All that I shall maintain is that the loss of memory need not render immortality valueless if it would not have been valueless without the loss of memory.

"If existence beyond the present life is not expected to improve, and yet immortality is regarded as valuable, it must be because a life no better than this is looked on as possessing value. . . And if this life has value without any memory beyond itself, why should not future lives have value without memory beyond themselves? . . .

"But immortality is not only, or chiefly, desired because it will give us more life like our present life. Its attraction is chiefly for those people who believe that the future life will be, at any rate for many of us, a great improvement on the present. . . And it might be said that our

chief ground for hoping for a progressive improvement after death would be destroyed if memory periodically ceased. . .

"We must ask, therefore, what elements of value are carried on by memory from the present to the future. And then we must consider whether they can be carried on without memory. . .

"The value of memory, then, is that by its means the past may serve the wisdom, the virtue, and the love of the present. If the past could help the present in a like manner without the aid of memory, the absence of memory need not destroy the chance of an improvement spreading over many lives.

"Let us consider wisdom first. Can we be wiser by reason of something which we have forgotten. Unquestionably we can. Wisdom is not merely, or chiefly, amassed facts, or even recorded judgments. It depends primarily on a mind qualified to deal with facts, and to form judgments. . . And so a man who dies after acquiring knowledge—and all men acquire some—might enter his new life, deprived indeed of his knowledge, but not deprived of the increased strength and delicacy of mind which he had gained in acquiring the knowledge. And, if so, he will be wiser in the second life because of what has happened in the first.

"Of course he loses something in losing the actual knowledge. . . And is not this loss really a gain? For the mere accumulation of knowledge, if memory never ceased, would soon become overwhelming, and worse than useless. What better fate could we wish for than to leave such accumulations behind us, preserving their greatest value in the mental faculties which have been strengthened by their acquisition?

"With virtue the point is perhaps clearer. For the memory of moral experiences is of no value to virtue except in so far as it helps to form the moral character, and, if this is done, the loss of the memory would be no loss to virtue. Now we cannot doubt that a character may remain determined by an event which has been forgotten. I have forgotten the greater number of the good and evil acts which I have done in my present life. And yet each must have left a trace on my character. And so a man may carry over into his next life the dispositions and tendencies which he has gained by the moral contests of this life, and the value of those experiences will not have been destroyed by the death which has destroyed the memory of them.

"There remains love. The problem here is more important, if, as I believe, it is in love, and in nothing else, that we find not only the supreme value of life, but also the supreme reality of life, and, indeed, of the universe. The gain which the memory of the past gives us here is that the memory of past love for any person can strengthen our present love of him. And this is what must be preserved, if the value of past love is not to be lost. The knowledge we acquire, and the efforts which we make, are directed to ends not themselves. But love has no

end but itself. If it has gone, it helps us little that we keep anything it has brought us."

We cannot summarize Dr. M'Taggart's full discussion. The reader must turn to the book itself—and will be richly repaid in doing so. But we cannot resist quoting certain further passages, which will show the direction in which his thought continues.

"Now we know that present love can also be stronger and deeper because of past love which we have forgotten. Much has been forgotten in any friendship, which has lasted for several years within the limits of a single life—many confidences, many services, many hours of happiness and sorrow. But they have not passed without leaving their mark on the present. They contribute, though they are forgotten, to the present love, which is not forgotten. . .

"In other words, people who are joined by love cannot be dependent for their proximity to each other—and consequently for the possibility of their love—on some chance or mechanical arrangement whose recurrence we could have no reason to expect. Their love is not the effect of proximity, but its cause. For their love is the expression of the ultimate fact that each of them is more closely connected with the other than he is with people in general. And proximity in a particular life, like everything else, is the effect—or, rather, the manifestation under particular circumstances—of those relations which make up the eternal nature of the universe. . .

"If by any means we make our relations stronger and finer, then they will be stronger and finer at the next meeting. What more do we want? The past is not preserved in memory, but it exists, concentrated and united, in the present. Death is thus the most perfect example of the 'collapse into immediacy'—that mysterious phrase of Hegel's—where all that was before a mass of hard-earned acquisitions, has been merged into the unity of a developed character."

The power and dignity of this concept of the immortal life of all mankind, might well reconcile us to the recurring and permanent loss of memory, were it indeed a *necessary* consequence of the truth of reincarnation. But it must be noted that Dr. M'Taggart does not so present it, nor is it so in fact. His whole discussion is based upon the assumption that, as a matter of common observation, and in at least the vast majority of men, memory of the past has not persisted or is not available; and his argument is directed to showing that, despite this loss of memory, reincarnation means for every man an immortality of priceless value, offering the opportunity for progress and growth, and storing in the reincarnating self the distilled essence of the lessons and experience of past lives, rendering them available for present use. As we saw in discussing the question of the immortality of personal traits, this freeing ourselves of incumbrances, and leaving behind the waste products of the past, is precisely what we would wish wherever we have departed from those permanent purposes, in loyalty to which the immortal self

realizes its true identity. From such departures and failures we desire only to preserve the lesson, and could ask nothing better than that all else connected with them should pass into the oblivion of forgetfulness. Yet if there be much that we can only wish to forget, there are other experiences that we would pray might remain with us, always in memory—an inseparable part of our immortal life and consciousness; and surely we should hope for a time when we may learn to live aright. Will memory then be retained?

In considering this question we must note that whereas Dr. M'Taggart was dealing with the problem of human immortality in general, we are now proposing to consider but a very special class, and what cannot be adduced of the general case may be true of the more limited one. Thus it would not be possible to prove from the definition of a triangle that its three angles were equal, for this is patently not true of all triangles. But it is a property that is possessed by a certain class of triangles, namely, the equilateral triangles. And if we add to the general definition of triangles the further charactertistic of equal sides—which differentiates this sub-class—the truth of the proposition is easily proved. Dr. M'Taggart can establish from his general premises only such general conclusions regarding human immortality and human memory as are valid for all mankind as a consequence of their bare humanity. But it by no means follows that more may not be adduced in regard to men of whom we may predicate not only the common human nature, but also the definite aspiration and will to conform their lives to spiritual purposes and principles. The immortality and memory attained by such a special class may be very different from the minimum which is all that can be demonstrated of mankind in general. And, as it is open to every man to make himself a member of the special class, a far greater degree of personal immortality and a far more persistent memory of the past may be possible of attainment than that which Dr. M'Taggart suggests.

Now to students of Theosophy it is very far from certain that *no one* in this life remembers the experiences of past lives. The East is full of recorded instances of the manifestation of such memory; and though the thought of the West offers little temptation to confess it, there may be those who can remember the feeling and incidents of former lives as vividly as the happenings of yesterday. Though Dr. M'Taggart's purpose requires him to consider the ordinary and not the exceptional case, yet the existence of exceptional cases is sufficient to prove their possibility and to make it evident that the question of personal memory is primarily a question of the centre and content of personal consciousness, and that its permanence or impermanence must depend upon the same factors as determine the immortality or death of the personality, as distinct from the immortality of the soul.

It is far too complex a subject to be discussed in detail here, yet there are certain obvious characteristics of the way in which memory operates, which it will be well to recall in considering the common

unconsciousness of any recollection of former lives. In the first place, it is very rare that any memory should be absolutely continuous, that is, that it should never be absent from consciousness. At any given time the vast bulk of our memories are latent, rather than present or actual. They are recalled into consciousness in one of two ways: either by act of will, as when we *try* to remember, by seeking to link our present state of consciousness to the past, or automatically, by some inner or outer object or happening that is in some manner connected with the object or happening remembered—our mind travelling back along that connection, sometimes so slowly that we are conscious of the step by step nature of the process, sometimes so rapidly that we are quite unconscious of what the connection has been. Now it is clear that even though the memory of past lives existed, latent in my consciousness, precisely as does the memory of past days of this life, if I had no belief or thought of pre-existence I should never call these latent memories into present actuality by any act of will—for there would be nothing to prompt this will. And it is also clear that whatever connection exists between any object or happening in this life, and some similar or other object or happening of a past life, is a connection that can exist in consciousness only through the immortal part of my self—a part which was aware of the former happening as it is aware of the present. To travel back along this thread of connection, involves, therefore, the lifting of the personal consciousness, in at least some particular, to the consciousness of the immortal self. The facility with which this can be done, and hence the probability of a man's doing it, may range from such ease as to be instinctive and automatic, to such difficulty as to be almost impossible, according to the degree of his inner development and the habitual level of his personal thought and interests.

Again, there are the common phenomena of unplaced memories. A landscape, a face, a line of verse, or some past feeling will rise into consciousness without our being able to place its origin and associations. We do not know where we have seen, or heard, or felt what we now remember. Sometimes we are able to recall the association we have with it; sometimes we cannot. It is probable that the memory of past lives would come to us, first, in just such fragmentary uncoördinated snatches, and that we have far more of such recollections than we realize, because it never occurs to us to think of or to place them for what they are.

Consider, finally, the selective action of memory. Of the vast number of impressions that reach my consciousness through my senses, I remember very few. We are not conscious of all the causes which may make us remember one thing and forget another, but, broadly speaking, we remember the things that are related to our present thought and purpose, and do not remember, or remember less clearly, what is foreign to it. Purpose, and continuity of purpose, play a vital part in all questions of memory. To use Dr. M'Taggart's simile in a different connec-

tion, if I enter the Burlington Arcade for the express purpose of purchasing a special kind of travelling cap, I am far more likely to remember the Arcade, and the details of the purchase, during my travels, than if I had only happened to pass through the Arcade and had bought the first hat I happened to see. It is the same with life. We attain continuity of memory as we attain continuity of purpose. We have seen that the memory of past lives can only be transmitted to the personal consciousness, which is ours in this life, through the memory of the immortal self. It seems natural to suppose that the memories of the immortal self will be vivid or blurred for the same causes as those we see operate in our everyday experience. If we live a life expressive of the continuous purpose of the immortal self, dealing with people, circumstances and events in accordance with the will of that self, then these people, circumstances and events should make a far clearer impression upon its consciousness, and so upon its memory. But if we deal with life only as it affects that which is temporal in us, as it gratifies our bodily senses or impermanent desires, then the separate incidents of such a life would concern our immortal self but little, and only their essence, or lessons, would be gathered up and stored in memory. Here also, we see that personal memory, as personal immortality, is a question of personal life, and of inner and outer character.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

Christ, the Eternal Sun, shining into the open heart, causes that heart to grow and to bloom, and it overflows with all the inward powers with joy and sweetness.

So the wise man will do like the bee, and he will fly forth with attention and with reason and with discretion, towards all those gifts and towards all that sweetness which he has ever experienced, and towards all the good which God has ever done to him. And in the light of love and with inward observation, he will taste of the multitude of consolations and good things, and will not rest upon any flower of the gifts of God, but, laden with gratitude and praise, will fly back into the unity, wherein he wishes to rest and to dwell eternally with God.—JOHN OF RUYSBROECK.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

XI

The Friars Minor and St. Francis of Assisi

CAPTAIN FERDINAND BELMONT, one of the heroic French dead, in a letter to his parents, a short while before his death in action, wrote: "All we see in this world are appearances, forms, and isolated effects; we cannot conclude anything from them." One repeats with helplessness this comment of Belmont, when one's duty is to arrive at a conclusion about the life and work of a saint. How can a student give to others anything but queries or speculations? Truth can be known only from the position of the Lodge; on earth, the best we can do is to speculate reverently. One feels especially helpless when the saint in the case is Francis of Assisi. His selflessness, his other-worldly charm, his vigour,—something of these one could hope to pass on to others through passages chosen from the old books in which he is so lovingly and so vividly portrayed.

Of the early sources of information about St. Francis, two are noteworthy. These are the *Little Flowers,* and the *Legend of the Three Companions.* Both are narrations of incidents in the life of the saint. These narratives are not complete or chronological, and they were written some years after his death. But they portray a man of extraordinary humility, prayer, and zeal. They are sources from which later writers take the poetic and moving scenes they narrate—such as the *Sermon to the Birds,* and the *Wolf of Gubbio.* Reading them after a modern critical interpretation, one feels: "Here is the man, the saint, about whom the other book was talking." Of the two, the *Legend of the Three Companions*[1] confines itself more closely to Francis—the *Little Flowers* includes incidents from the lives of those who joined him. Neither book gives dates or other biographical detail. But they give the real man. Biographical matter one can get easily from an encyclopedia.

His life is of intense interest because we can watch the process of his becoming a saint. Too often, nothing of this process has come down in the old writings that tell of other saints. We can see the youth Francis busy with the world till it turns to ashes in his mouth. He then starts on a quest that finally brings him to the Master, and he advances along the Path of Discipleship until he reaches the stage of the Stigmata.

He was born in 1182, and died in 1226; he is thus twelve years younger than St. Dominic whom he survived five years. He begins his work about fifty years after St. Bernard's death, and he antedates St. Catherine of Siena by a century and a half. The forty-four years of his life are divided just in half by his conversion, which began when he

[1] The Three Companions are three of Francis's earliest and best loved followers.

was twenty-two. After two years of brooding and prayer, he becomes sure of his vocation, and then for four years he is forming his Rule and gathering about him his first companions. With these, there begins an active ministry of about ten years, that is marked by an extraordinary increase of his followers. Then, in full-hearted devotion to his spouse, Lady Poverty, having surrendered so much to her, he is put finally to the severe test of forced relinquishment of his company. He had to witness, in his last six years, unbrotherly disputes among his brethren, and the falling away from their vows of many he had loved and trusted. He met the test courageously. We grieve for Francis, in those last years, as we do for Arthur, smitten with a deadly wound. But we feel that, as with Arthur, the fault and blame for any apparent failure, lies less with Francis than with others.

His youth seems to have been foolish but not vicious; prodigal and extravagant, but not debauched. His father was a rich silk merchant who encouraged and supported his son's expensive comradeship with young nobles. Perhaps from bad judgment, perhaps with the desire to make up for the difference in social position, Francis seems to have gone always beyond his comrades in prodigality and eccentricity of dress. He was like a college student, who becomes the leader of his fellows because he puts energy into the quest of diversions—saved from viciousness by a kind of miracle. With his friends, Francis fought in one of the countless feuds against neighbouring towns, and was taken prisoner to Perugia.

In a year, he was released. Illness came upon him after his return home, and, in his case, proved a blessing, giving him, what it gives to all, time for reflection, and conducing to repentance. Other mortifications followed this one of the body,—and more humiliating. With habitual extravagance of dress and outfit, he prepared to go as a member of a civic mission, only to return sadly the day after he had gaily started forth. The reasons given for this sudden change of plan are varied—some say it was a dream, warning him that he is not to be a mere knight of the court, but a cavalier of heaven; others say it was illness, or the resentment of his friends, envious of his expensive clothes. It may have been all three reasons. His life of idle merriment becomes interrupted by moments of seriousness. He spends less money upon himself, and gives to the poor. At times he avoids his friends, preferring seclusion: he is brooding. His friends regret these interruptions of seriousness, and they smile again when one day he announces a feast. The *Legend* narrates what happened at this feast. "So then he made a sumptuous banquet be made ready, as he had oft-times done afore. And when they came forth of the house, and his comrades together went before him, going through the city singing while he carried a wand in his hand as their master,—he was walking a little behind them, not singing, but meditating very earnestly. And lo! on a sudden he is visited of the Lord, and his heart is filled with such sweetness as that he can

neither speak nor move, nor is he able to feel and hear aught save that sweetness only, which did so estrange him from carnal sense that—as he himself afterwards said—had he then been pricked as with knives all over at once, he could not have moved from the spot. But when his comrades looked back, and saw him thus far off from them, they returned unto him in fear, staring upon him as one already changed into another man. And they questioned him saying: 'Whereon wast thou thinking, that thou camest not after us? Perchance thou wast thinking of taking a wife?' To whom he replied with a loud voice: 'Truly have ye spoken, for that I thought of taking unto me a bride nobler and richer and fairer than ever ye have seen.' And they mocked at him."

Soon after he went to Rome, perhaps seeking relief from inward pressure in outward observances. He saw the small offerings made by worshippers at St. Peter's. He opened his purse and threw out its entire contents. (It is his habitual prodigality, but no longer for self. That prodigality will be transformed into complete self-surrender to the Master.) Then, in contemplation of the niggardliness of his fellow pilgrims, he goes to the great public square of St. Peter, exchanges his own clothes for those of a beggar there, and stands all day, in the beggar's place, asking for gifts from the passers by. Again the prodigal!

That exchange for the beggar's filthy clothes prepared him for a new compassion which he mentions in his Will as the beginning of his religious life—his ministrations to lepers. "The Lord has granted to me, Brother Francis, thus to begin to do penance; that while I was in sin, it seemed to me too bitter a thing to see lepers, but the Lord led me among them, and I showed mercy to them. And when I left them, that which had appeared to me bitter was changed into sweetness of body and soul; and not long after this I forsook the world."

According to the Legend (Chap. IV), Francis was riding his horse, and reflecting upon the inward promptings. Suddenly he noticed a leper beside the road, and in disgust wheeled aside from him. The reaction was quick. Returning in shame and compassion, he gave all his money to the leper, and kissed his hand. Thus began his loving services to the wretches of the hospitals.

This was the first stage of his conversion—a gradual interior change during a period of two years, manifesting itself outwardly in a complete turning from frivolity to service of the needy. It required courage and involved sacrifice. The silk merchant had not checked his son's extravagance, so long as it was directed to a higher social class that could bring honour and advancement to the merchant's family. But upon beggars, that was quite different! The son's changing way of life pleased the father less and less. If it continued, a break must come. In place of his former time-killing, Francis had begun to walk, for reflection and meditation, outside the town, stopping to pray at little delapidated shrines. Two of these became spiritual landmarks, St. Damian's and the Chapel of Portiuncula. In St. Damian's, he first saw the Master. He

was praying. Suddenly he was aware of a Living Presence filling the Crucifix on the altar. It is not positively recorded that the Master spoke on this occasion. But Francis was moved by this favour to another decisive step. He would rebuild this delapidated shrine that had been so honoured. He hastened home, collected every saleable article of value that belonged to him, disposed of them in a neighboring town, and carried the money to the poor priest who tended St. Damian's. But his father, having made up his mind no longer to tolerate his son's folly, came upon him at this point, at St. Damian's, and, to avoid his anger, Francis hid, and did not venture back into the town for several weeks. The father's anger had not abated. He beat his son, and brought him before the magistrate, from whom Francis appealed to the Bishop, on the ground of being no longer a civilian, but a servant of the Church. Then occurred the famous scene which the old artists have painted. The father reproached his son for the great expense he had been. Francis withdrew for a few moments, and returned with all his clothes in his hands and a little money from his recent sale. He placed these at his father's feet and said quietly to the crowd: "Hear all ye, and understand: until now have I called Peter Bernardone my father, but, for that I purpose to serve the Lord, I give back unto him the money, over which he was vexed, and all the clothes that I have had of him, desiring to say only, 'Our Father, Which art in Heaven,' not my father, Peter Bernardone" (Legend, Chap. VI). The bishop and the crowd were convinced of his sincerity, and the bishop drew his own cloak around the disinherited son.

Thus cut off from his source of supply, Francis had to beg what was needed to repair the little Chapel. He went into the market place of Assisi, asking for stones, and carried them through the town to the Chapel. He begged oil for its lamps. Finally, he begged his own food, unwilling to be a tax upon the poor incumbent of St. Damian's. In time he completed the repairs. Then he set about restoring another tumbledown little Chapel where he had prayed, St. Mary of the Angels, better known as Portiuncula,—St. Mary's of the little portion. One morning after he had finished this second task, he was kneeling in the Chapel at Mass. The priest faced from the altar to read the Gospel for the day. Again Francis was aware of a Presence—living and acting through the priest. And he heard these words: "Wherever ye go, preach, saying, 'The Kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils. Freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither silver nor gold nor brass in your purses, neither scrip nor two coats, nor shoes nor staff, for the labourer is worthy of his meat." Thus was Francis chosen, after he had shown his willingness to sacrifice everything in order to obey the call he had heard.

His example and his preaching—preaching enjoined upon him by the Master's living voice—attracted companions one by one. By 1210 these numbered eleven. To provide for an increasing following, and

to obtain authorization to preach without hindrance, he went with his associates in that year to Rome. With these first adherents, there had been no formal ties. They were drawn to Francis by the fire which contact with the Master had kindled in him. They saw his mode of living and the ecstatic Life that pulsed in him. They were eager to share the one in order to participate in the other also. His manner with the first inquirers was very simple. He took the first ones to the little Chapel of Portiuncula, and told them the command given him. To verify it, he then opened the Gospels three times. Each *time the book opened at a passage which reiterated or amplified the first command.*[2]

Francis declared to his companions that these passages contained their life and rule, and exhorted them to obey straightway these commands. The duties to which their own zeal urged them, served in place of the formal test of a novitiate. With boughs of trees they made small rude shelters adjacent to the Portiuncula Chapel where they might come together for common prayer and counsel when proximity made that possible. They went off by twos (three men had joined themselves to Francis almost simultaneously), working by day in the fields with the labourers, accepting food for their hire, but no money, eating and sleeping where and how they might, and speaking at the right moment of the things that burned in their hearts. Naturally they were regarded as rogues or idiots, and their modesty and industry did not shield them from the abuse and mockery that normal civilians mete out to the dishonest and disordered, when these latter come into their power. The Legend describes the real testing to which these early companions were subjected. "Two of them were at Florence, and they went through the city seeking a lodging, yet could find none. But when they came unto a certain house that had an oven in the porch, they said the one unto the other: 'Here we may take shelter.' Accordingly they asked the mistress of the house to receive them within the house, and, upon her refusal to do this, they said humbly that perchance she would allow them for that night at least to rest near the oven. This she granted, but her husband, when he came and found them on the porch, called his wife and said unto her: 'Wherefore hast thou granted these ribalds shelter in our porch?' She made answer that she had refused to receive them into the house, but had granted them to lie without the porch, where they could steal naught save the wood. So her husband would not allow that

[2] The three passages are these: "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me." "Jesus having called to him the Twelve, gave them power and authority over all devils and to cure diseases. And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick. And he said unto them, Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money; neither have two coats apiece. And whatsoever house ye enter into, there abide, and thence depart. And whosoever will not receive you, when ye go out of that city shake off the very dust from your feet for a testimony against them. And they departed and went through the towns, preaching the gospel and healing everywhere."

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

any shelter should be given unto them, albeit the cold was great, for that he thought them to be ribalds and thieves. That night, therefore, until morn they lay near the oven, sleeping but lightly, warmed only by the glow Divine, and covered only by the shelter of the Lady Poverty, and then went unto a Church hard by to hear matins. When morning came, the woman went unto that same Church, and seeing there those brethren continuing devoutly in prayer, she said unto herself: 'Were these men ribalds and thieves, as said my husband, they would not thus continue reverently in prayer.' While she was pondering these things inwardly, behold, a man named Guido was bestowing alms on the poor that were waiting in that Church, and when he had come unto the brethren, and would fain have given unto each of them money, as he was giving unto the rest, they refused his money, and would not take it. But he said unto them: 'Wherefore do ye, being poor, not take money as do the rest?" Replied Brother Bernard: 'True is it that we be poor, but poverty is not a hard thing unto us, as unto the other poor, for by the grace of God, Whose counsel we have fulfilled, of our own accord have we made ourselves poor.' At this the man marvelled, and, asking them if they had ever had possessions, he learnt from them that they had had great possessions, but for the love of God had given all unto the poor. For he that thus made answer was that Brother Bernard, the second to the Blessed Francis, whom to-day we truly hold as our most holy father; he was the first to embrace the message of peace and repentance, and did run to follow the holy man of God, and, selling all that he had, and giving it unto the poor according unto the counsel of Gospel perfection, did continue unto the end in most holy poverty. Wherefore the said woman, taking thought upon this, that the brethren would have none of the money, went unto them and said that gladly would she receive them into her house, if they would come thither for the sake of being her guests. To whom they humbly made answer: 'The Lord repay thee for thy goodwill.' But the man aforesaid, hearing that the brethren had not been able to find a lodging, brought them into his house, saying: 'Behold a lodging made ready for you of the Lord, abide therein according unto your good pleasure.' And they, giving God thanks, abode with him for some days, edifying him both by ensample and by word in the fear of the Lord, so that thereafter he bestowed much of his wealth on the poor."

The efforts of these four comrades brought in three more recruits, thus making seven. The new friends went out at once to bear their own testimony, and four more were gained. The number of the little band was thus (including Francis) twelve. To facilitate their preaching (not to lessen their hardships), Francis decided to ask the approbation of the Church. This was in 1210.

The visit to Rome was not entirely futile. It was inevitable that he should be suspected of heresy—his manner of life was that of the Albigeois preachers. However, Francis's humility and sincerity gave

no fuel to the suspicious. He was advised to enter one of the established Orders or to become a hermit—not to set up a new form of religious living. He humbly but firmly resisted these persuasions. Disarmed, though not won, the Roman authorities dismissed him, bidding him return when his followers had increased. There was no official approbation. He was told he might preach after obtaining the consent of the local ecclesiastical incumbents. And he was told he could grant the privilege of preaching to his comrades upon similar conditions—they were to be held responsible by Francis. He was given an overseer, one of the Cardinals, and this overseer, with the intention of putting an ecclesiastical badge upon the lay workers, tonsured them before they left Rome.

What had been won by the visit to Rome was nothing more than a non-committal toleration of their preaching. Francis was so humble, however, that he accepted with sincere appreciation this neutral act, and spoke of it with unfeigned warmth. His warmth and enthusiasm were passed on to the miscellaneous auditors who heard him, with the consequence that he appeared to them with a new dignity, and drew many more associates. But for some time after his visit, he continued uncertain of his method of work. Returning toward Assisi, he stopped with his friends in an old shed at the edge of a hillside wood. This shed was so small that Francis had to portion off its space in the most frugal and systematic manner in order to admit all of them under its shelter. The opportunities for prayer and meditation afforded by the unfrequented wood, made the discomforts of their pen-like outer life insignificant. The shed became more than a night's stopping place—it became their abode, until the peasant owner drove them out. Francis found the seclusion of the wood congenial. His indecision, whether to withdraw to a purely contemplative form of life, is said to have been ended by St. Clare. She was a gentlewoman of Assisi, who in 1212, at the age of eighteen, obtained from Francis permission to adopt the life of poverty. She became the director of the woman's side of the movement, and from a convert, became the wise and faithful counsellor of Francis. At times of crisis, when he was in doubt what step to take, she pointed out the right direction. In the matter of the contemplative life, she seems to have shown him that his true vocation was the mixed life of prayer and preaching with which he had started his work.

Expelled from the roadside shed, Francis went with his friends to the hospitable Chapel of Portiuncula, the spot where he had been chosen by the Master. An increased number of followers made his position embarrassing; it had not been so when he was a solitary penitent at the little altar.[3] The Portiuncula Chapel belonged to some Benedictine monks upon the mountain side above Assisi. Francis and his band could not take "squatters' " possession. He had asked the Bishop of Assisi for a Chapel where he might congregate with his friends, and had been refused. A similar request made to the Benedictine Abbot was more fortunate.

[3] The Chapel is only ten feet long.

The little Chapel of Portiuncula, with its holy memory, was given to Francis to continue his. More shelters of boughs were constructed, and the little band thus had its permanent home. About the same time it took its permanent name. The first companions spoke of themselves, when questioned, as "penitents of Assisi." The name "Friars Minor" was given in this way:—In a civil dissension at Assisi, Francis had taken the part of the poor (*minores*). That word, *minores,* stands as one of the injunctions Francis had given his followers—they were always to take subordinate and inferior positions, not positions of authority. The re-reading of this injunction impressed upon Francis that the word, *minor* (inferior, poor, weak), expressed what his followers wished to aim for. He therefore declared that his company should call itself the Friars Minor.

The word Mendicant, as used to describe the Dominican and Franciscan Orders, is meant more to distinguish them from the older, self-supporting agricultural Orders, such as the Benedictine and Cistercian, rather than to denote a company of idlers. The Dominican and Franciscan are urban Orders—they early established themselves in the university towns. They had not the means of self-sustenance for a large community afforded by the various industries of a great agricultural establishment. Francis and his friends worked in the fields with the harvesters, and accepted sustenance from those whom they helped. Later the Franciscans became great scholars, like the Dominicans, but that was no part of Francis's ideal for them. The large cities, which contained the universities, were selected as fields for Franciscan labour, originally, because of the numerous population of poor who needed to be evangelized. The Dominicans, on the contrary, chose the university centres because the Order of Preachers, from its very beginning, aimed to combat intellectual errors by the exposition of truth.

The visit to Rome in 1210 had won from the Pope permission to continue what had been begun—the preaching of penance. In the longer Rule which Francis wrote in 1221, he has drawn up a short sermon suitable for his brethren to use "whenever they please, and whatever persons they may be." It is as follows: "Fear, honour, praise, and bless God. Give thanks and adore the Lord God Almighty in Trinity and Unity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Creator of all things. Repent and bring forth worthy fruits of penance, for know that we must soon die. Give, and it shall be given unto you; forgive, and you shall be forgiven; and if you do not forgive, the Lord will not forgive your sins. Blessed are they who shall die penitent, for they shall enter the kingdom of heaven; but woe to those who die impenitent, for they shall be the children of the devil, whose works they have done, and they shall go into everlasting fire. Beware, and abstain from all sin, and persevere in good to the end."

To us it is incredible that such words as the foregoing should have so touched and won people's hearts. But there is absent from the

words as we read them, the fire of the speaker which made them live,—fire kindled at the Master's Heart. Everywhere men came out from the world to join the preachers—for Francis and his companions went evangelizing into many districts of Italy. The number of friars who came together for a conference in 1219 was five thousand. This growth of the Order brought with it, however, grief and disappointment for Francis. From 1215 onward to his death, he carried on a losing struggle for his ideals, both with his own followers and with the authorities of the Church which he so deeply reverenced.

Francis was so single-hearted and high minded, that he never felt the need of a method different from that used by the Master in calling him. He had responded to the Master's voice, and had tried to carry out the Master's directions. He laid that course before all his converts: "Hear, you who are my sons and my brothers, give ear to my words. Open your hearts and obey the voice of the Son of God. Keep his commandments with all your hearts, and perfectly observe his counsels. Praise him, for he is good, and glorify him by your works." Organization was repellent to him. Until 1220, he struggled against the insistence of those who were urging him to formulate a systematized novitiate, etc. After 1220, until his death, he no longer directed the management of his company. In truth, it was no longer his, as he had given it over entirely to Vicars to direct according to their ideas, though in his heart, he held just as tenaciously to his former ideals for it. Truly Francis had conformed himself to his bride, Poverty. He had thrown from him not only prudence and caution in his prodigal devotion to the Master, but he gave up even the group of converts his preaching had won for the Master.

Much is made in secular histories of the rivalry between the two preaching, mendicant Orders that were founded almost simultaneously. With aims and methods, partly similar and largely diverse, and with a human constituency, it is not surprising that jealousy and rivalry should make themselves manifest between the Dominicans and the Franciscans. And it is not surprising, in view of the narrowness of human sympathy, that an ardent admirer of Francis, like Sabatier, can find so little to admire in St. Dominic and the Preachers. But against this unpleasant picture there is the accredited testimony of Fra Angelico (a Dominican)—his well known painting of the meeting of the two Evangelists and their fraternal salutation. This is thought to have occurred in 1215. Dominic had gone to Rome to secure approval, with a view to widening his efforts. Francis was there to report his successes and needs. They met. And several times afterward their paths crossed.

There are facts and legends which show the complete trust of Francis in the Master's guidance, and his distrust of book-learning. In 1219, Francis returned from a missionary enterprise among the Moslems. His absence from Italy had continued only a year, but

advantage had been taken of it to do many things against his wish,—prohibition of meat, etc. Stopping at Bologna, a great university centre, he found members of his Order constructing a building, some authorities say a monastery, others, a school. Whether monastery or school, such a structure was in violation of the rule to own and possess nothing, and also in violation of Francis's wish that his preachers should study only the Master's will. He had the incompleted building pulled down. A few years later, when Francis had surrendered all direction of his family, an incident occurred which illustrates very clearly his feeling about this matter. "One day a novice who could read the psalter, though not without difficulty, obtained from the minister-general—that is to say, from the vicar of St. Francis—permission to have one. But as he had learned that St. Francis desired the brethren to be covetous neither of learning nor of books, he would not take his psalter without his consent. So, St. Francis having come to the monastery where the novice was, 'Father,' said he, 'it would be a great consolation to have a psalter; but though the minister-general has authorized me to get it, I would not have it unknown to you.' 'Look at the Emperor Charles,' replied St. Francis with fire, 'Roland, and Oliver and all the paladins, valorous heroes and gallant knights, who gained their famous victories in fighting infidels, in toiling and labouring even unto death! The holy martyrs, they also have chosen to die in the midst of battle for the faith of Christ! But now there are many of those who aspire to merit honour and glory, simply by relating their feats. Yes, among us also there are many who expect to receive glory and honour by reciting and preaching the works of the saints, as if they had done them themselves!'

" . . A few days after, St. Francis was sitting before the fire, and the novice drew near to speak to him about his psalter.

" 'When you have your psalter,' said Francis to him, 'you will want a breviary, and when you have a breviary you will seat yourself in a pulpit like a great prelate and will beckon to your companion,—Bring me my breviary!'

"St. Francis said this with great vivacity, then taking up some ashes he scattered them over the head of the novice, repeating, 'There is the breviary, there is the breviary!'

"Several days after, St. Francis being at Portiuncula and walking up and down on the roadside not far from his cell, the same brother came again to speak to him about his psalter. 'Very well, go on,' said Francis to him, 'you have only to do what your minister tells you.' At these words the novice went away, but Francis began to reflect on what he had said, and suddenly calling to the friar, he cried, 'Wait for me! wait for me!' When he had caught up to him, 'Retrace your steps a little way, I beg you,' he said. 'Where was I when I told you to do whatever your minister told you as to the psalter?' Then falling upon his knees on the spot pointed out by the friar, he prostrated himself at

his feet: 'Pardon, my brother, pardon!' he cried, 'for he who would be a Brother Minor ought to have nothing but his clothing.'"

The last six years of Francis's life contained intense joy for they are marked by two noteworthy incidents, the Stigmata, in 1224, and a year later, the Canticle of the Sun.

With certain types of saints, the Stigmata mark a stage of discipleship. Those whose aspiration leads them to mould themselves after Christ's pattern, must all inevitably, at some time share with Him something of His passion. Many who have passed through that experience, prayed that the marks of the wounds on their bodies might be concealed. In Francis's case they were distinctly visible. He reached this new stage of communion after a long retreat for prayer on La Verna (or Monte Alverno), a wooded summit belonging to a friendly nobleman.

Two or three friends accompanied Francis to this seclusion, but did not intrude upon his solitude. As the event is given, in narratives and paintings, a "seraph" came to Francis at sunrise, nailed to a Cross. When the "seraph" departed the wounds had been imprinted upon Francis' body.

From La Verna, by a slow journey, Francis went to St. Damian's, his first holy spot, which had become the abode of St. Clare and her nuns. Francis was practically blind, and he felt that his end was approaching. He made a long sojourn with this friend in the sanctuary where the Master had first spoken to him. He seems to have passed through a period of depression that gradually cleared and ended in the Song of Praise commonly known as the Canticle of the Sun. This song, composed in Italian, and many times translated, is one of the world's literary classics.

> "O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honour, and all blessing!
>
> Praised be my Lord God with all his creatures, and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he and shines with a very great splendour: O Lord, he signifies to us thee!
>
> Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.
>
> Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, calm and all weather by the which thou upholdest life in all creatures.
>
> Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us and humble and precious and clean.
>
> Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.
>
> Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth

sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits and flowers of many colours, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from which no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin! Blessed are they who are found walking by thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

Praise ye and bless the Lord, and give thanks unto him and serve him with great humility."

His depression passed away in the singing of this Canticle, and radiant happiness again filled his heart. He directed his friars to pass through the towns singing it, as *jongleurs de Dieu* (God's troubadours) and to ask of their auditors in payment, *repentance*.

Francis's naïve and poetic disposition gave the world one of its most popular forms of worship. His desire to venerate the infant Jesus in the mean surroundings of His birth, led him to make a rude reproduction of the stable at Bethlehem. The world has approved his judgment, and the familiar manger of Christmastide is his perpetual souvenir.

Francis died in 1226, at the Portiuncula Chapel,—his home. Before his death, he had his bare body placed on the uncovered earth as a symbol to his brethren of the Poverty he had taken for bride. The great prodigal who had started life all for self, died,—still a prodigal, but all for Christ. Utter self-forgetfulness in love of Christ, simplicity and charm as of a little child—this is what wins him the hearts of religious as well as the admiration of the world.

C. C. Clark.

If we would see the stars of His mysteries, we must first descend into the deep well of humility.—St. Catherine of Siena.

SAWS—BENT AND OTHERWISE

KITTREDGE broke the momentary silence with a laugh; adding, "Well, you fellows will have to admit, after all, the effect of the old saw, 'It is the exception that proves the rule,' so, perhaps, I'm right after all."

Darlwright made a gesture of impatience, using it to knock the ash off his cigarette. "There you go, misusing a truism to try to establish a fallacy. The misuse of that quotation always enrages me."

"How 'misuse'—doesn't it clearly let me out?"

"It does seem pat," commented Packham.

"Only because our modern generation has forgotten the real sense of the word 'prove.' If it be used correctly, the proverb is nicely exact—and keeps Kittredge in the hole he got into."

"How would you use it?" came Kittredge's challenge.

"Wait a minute," broke in Packham, "let's leave it to the court of final resort. What does the dictionary say?" He crossed the room and took down a volume.

"Well?" asked Darlwright.

"By Jove, Kittredge, he's right—listen to this: 'To try by experiment, or by test or standard; test; make trial of.' No; here's your meaning: 'To render certain; put out of doubt (as a proposition)'—but, that's the second meaning. It goes back to the Latin *probare*—'test, try, examine, approve, show to be good or fit, prove,' from *probus,* 'good, excellent.' Let's see—the Anglo-Saxon *profian* meant 'test, try, prove'—there's a point for you, Darlwright, and, if we go back to 'proof,' there's still more weight for you."

"I learned that, as a small boy, asking what the Army 'proving-ground' at Sandy Hook meant," explained Darlwright.

"The dictionary has 'proving-ground'—'a ground or place used for firing proof charges in cannon, for testing powder, and for making ballistic experiments.' "

"But, I still don't see why I can't use that second meaning of 'prove'; which makes the proverb work my way?" This from Kittredge.

"Substitute the word 'test'—the first meaning—and see what simple common sense, and sound wisdom, there is in the saw: 'It is the exception that tests the rule.' How can a rule be 'rendered certain,' be 'put out of doubt,' by an exception? It is obedience to a rule that does that; not an exception from it."

"Unless something happens, as a result of the exception, that shows that it would have been better to have followed the rule in the first place," said Packham, as he closed the dictionary, and went back to his chair.

"But that wasn't what I meant," confessed Kittredge, "and it is not what most people mean when they quote it. Think of the whole system

of modern philosophy that has been built up on the putting of the second meaning to that word 'prove.' I can see that Darlwright is right about that proverb—though you are usually wrong, Darlwright! I wonder if there are any other saws or proverbs that we twist, nowadays, to fit into our views, rather than holding to what the original epigrammist really meant."

"Do epigrammists ever really mean anything, except trying to be super-clever?" asked Packham.

Kittredge ignored this: "I can think of one. Everybody says: 'Money is the root of all evil'—which is nonsense. The original is: 'The love of money is the root of all evil' and that makes sense; besides being good occultism. What a difference it would make, if people only realized the difference."

"There's an old saying: 'You find what you look for.' The kind of people there are, nowadays, want a material standard for everything. They would simply say—'Why, everybody loves money'—and believe it, however untrue it is; so they would say that it could not be 'love of money,' because—'we are good.'" Darlwright stopped for an instant, just long enough for Kittredge to cut in with: "Doesn't 'evil to him who evil thinks' cover that? Won't a given civilization find in its saws and proverbs what it wants to?"

"Yet," protested Darlwright, "that doesn't justify a distortion of a truth, handed down from the ages, for that is all that a proverb or maxim really is."

"Which reminds me," said Packham, "of something that Mr. Judge once wrote. As I recall it, it was: 'The antiquity which survives is of interest not from its age but for its truth.' Ought there not to be a Court of Interpretation of Saws, Maxims and Proverbs, to prevent their misuse, for what is more dangerous than the misuse or misapplication of the truth?"

"Haven't we got that 'Court' now in the T.S., with the sayings and writings in all the world's scriptures and teachings—Egyptian, Chinese, Hindu, Greek, Buddhist, and Christian, to say nothing of the Guatemalan and others less accessible—and, for us in the West especially, Plato and his school, the Lord Jesus and his disciples, the Lord Krishna and his fighters, the Lord Siddartha and his chêlas, the Master K.H., Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, and their associates, to furnish a 'body of the law,' with 'leading cases' and 'ruling precedents'?" was Kittredge's suggestion.

"Be careful where you are going, Kit; remember 'Look before you leap'; you talk as if you believed that it is possible to find crystallized dogma and doctrine in the T.S.," was Darlwright's warning, "and that, we all know, is absolutely impossible. 'There aint no sich animal.'"

"Of course there isn't. I know perfectly well that there is no T.S. dogma or doctrine. It wouldn't be the T.S. if there were. That is just why I used the phraseology of the Common Law practice, where everything is fluid and adaptable, or should be! as against Code Law, which

attempts to establish unbending dogma and unchanging doctrine. But I interrupted you, Packham. What is it that you are so palpably suffering to say?"

"It was about the danger of misusing and misapplying the truth. That is what is so very discouraging to me in our current, so-called civilization—it either utterly ignores the truths that are antique, or blandly misapplies them."

"For instance?" Kittredge queried.

"Well, take our attitude towards 'repentance.' There are people urging that we hold out the right hand of fellowship to the fouled and bloody hands of the Hun and his partners. They even dare to cite Christ as authority for such forgiveness. They say that he said that we should forgive our brother—and all men have been made brothers by the writing of the Treaty for the League of Nations! Christ did say that we must forgive our brother, even if he offend us 'seventy times seven,' but he also, and most unqualifiedly and unequivocally, limited such forgiveness to repentant sinners. I remember having heard it said once, at a T.S. Branch meeting, by one of the speakers, that the Greek word, from which we get 'repentance,' really meant 'heart-turning.' Have the Germans shown any signs of 'heart-turning'?

"Did I ever tell you of that sermon I heard preached by the Reverend John McGann of Christ's Church, Springfield, Massachusetts? He took for his text the Second Word on the Cross—'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Mr. McGann said that an estimable lady in his congregation had asked him to go to the county jail to see a 'repentant thief,' who had been given a two-years' sentence. He said that he went and found a very much inconvenienced thief, ready to say or to promise anything to get out of jail. Mr. McGann closed with pointing out that, while our Lord promised Paradise that day to the really repentant thief, he did not use his power to take the thief down from the cross and heal his sore and wounded body. And a truly repentant sinner, the Rector suggested, undoubtedly would prefer to work out his salvation on the cross, as a result of his real repentance.

"Have you seen any signs of the Germans being ready to stay on their cross? They are, unquestionably, horribly inconvenienced, but, so far, what single sign by the German people has there been of repentance? Dare we, as Christians, venture to forgive them, until they have complied with our Lord's mandate that repentance shall precede and earn forgiveness?"

Kittredge and Darlwright shook their heads in acquiescence. There was a period of that intimate silence of congenial smokers. As usual it was Kittredge who broke it, saying, "Do you remember that other time at a Branch meeting, when the comment was made on the word 'rich?' It was said by one of the speakers, as I recall, the same one who defined 'repentance,' that, in King James' day, 'rich' had a very different meaning

from that which it has today—more nearly like our modern use of the word 'arrogant,' or, perhaps, 'purse-proud'."

Packham crossed over to his Concordance and began to look up the word. "I should say," he remarked, "that it was used in a variety of ways; yet there seems to have been sometimes a connotation of consciousness of possessions, that savours of your interpretation."

Kittredge said: "Thank you. Let us take the phrase 'rich young ruler'—would it not have been tautological if that 'rich' had meant 'wealthy in the world's goods,' to which our modern ideas limit it? Though, now that I think of it, we do keep the old sense of 'rich,' when we speak of colours and of tones, preserving the old note that suggests arrogance.

"The Master, who said—'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's'; the Master who steadfastly refused to set materialistic standards, to degrade his mission to a worldly base, even to prevent his own sufferings, even to save his own life, could never have meant to exclude men from heaven merely and solely because they had money. Wasn't it wholly attitude and life that counted with him? An arrogant man, with or without money, would certainly have trouble getting into heaven. Even in the great drama of Dives and Lazarus, was our Lord not condemning the abuse of position, rather than condemning position itself?

"Think of the tragedy that attends the misunderstanding of that single word! Here are millions and millions of well-meaning men and women in this country, and in all the English-speaking lands, backing and supporting Jewish Socialism—and actually calling it 'Christian'—because they have been led to believe that our Lord used the modern yardstick of dollars-and-cents. Could there be a more horrible travesty on all that he taught? Of course it is hard, when one is too comfortable physically, to be good; but, why limit that to millionaires? Are over-paid, slack-working labouring men any more virtuous, any more Christian, with their recently increased material comforts?

"It really seems to me that we are facing a rather hopeless situation, when Episcopalian, Roman Catholic and Methodist Bishops vie with one another in urging that the lines of salvation be determined by the number of dollars one possesses or lacks; that capital is, *per se,* wicked and labour miraculously right, and entitled to take all and render or give nothing. And this is done in the name of Christianity! There is little teaching to-day of the fundamental, Christ-taught standards of intentions, efforts, aspirations, the performances of individual duties and the power of personal self-sacrifice. It would seem as if no one stops to think that, perhaps, a man who has millions may be good, or that a man who belongs to a labour union may possibly be bad. We seem to have forgotten that our Lord located the Kingdom of Heaven in the heart. Are we not back with the Pharisees, calling upon the Messiah to set up a physical and material kingdom, where all men shall enjoy physical comforts and material preferences? The doctrine of taking up the Cross has appar-

ently been forgotten. Did not one of the leaders of the railroad workers recently say that the time had come when labour wanted more of 'the fine things of life'? And then he went on to define them in purely physical terms—in German, yes, and Pharisee-fashion, as material comforts."

"And another, quite simply, said that an automobile, and a good automobile at that, had become a necessity," said Packham.

"I wonder," said Darlwright, musingly, "if reincarnation may not explain the extraordinary anomaly that the world is dominated to-day by materialistic Jews, talking what you, Kittredge, termed 'Pharisee-fashion' —German, Bolshevist, Labour Union, Humanitarian, Socialist, all alike, all the real rulers are of the selfish, materialistic class of Jews, however veneered they may be, and mostly of German Jewish extraction at that. The finer qualities of the race seem to have been smothered in the atmosphere of Hunland. Perhaps the German current, so-to-speak, has permitted a reincarnation of the egos which animated the bodies of those Jews who forced Rome to let the King be crucified, crying 'Crucify him,' as they are to-day crying that the world shall crucify all that he taught, as to each man's responsibility for what he, himself, is and does, rather than the assumption of authority to make the other man perform his own duties."

"That might be a hopeful sign. You remember the predictions through St. John the Divine."

"Let us certainly hope so—I'm beginning to feel that 'Hope long deferred maketh the heart sick,'" was Packham's vigorously given comment.

"Another saw that, I firmly believe, is bent and twisted in its modern use," declared Kittredge. "You used it, just as most of us do, just as if it said—'The fulfilment of hope long deferred maketh the heart sick.' We are tainted with the spirit of the outer world, as it is to-day, when we mean that. That is materialism, pure and undefiled! If that emphasis on the primary concept of fulfilment were true, do you think that our Great Captain could have kept up his fight these nineteen centuries and more, against the activities of the Devil and his cohorts, and the beastly, soggy negativeness of most of the world? Isn't it his flaming, loving hope, in spite of non-fulfilment, that has kept his cause alive and fighting?"

"That's a new point of view to me," came from Packham.

"And to me," added Darlwright, "yet I think it has validity, Kittredge, for, after all, it is rank materialism to say that, if one can't have the result he wants, he must not be blamed if he gets discouraged."

"Can't we see," resumed Kittredge, "that this was the distinguishing difference between the French and the Germans during the war; between the spiritual and materialistic powers? The French were inspired to hope on, with no material foundation for hoping, except their spiritual hope in their cause; in the Master who inspired the cry—*'Ils ne passeront pas';* in the Maid, whom they believed to counsel their fighters, from

Generalissimo to *poilu*. It was not faith, that blind, Anglo-Saxon, obstinate, never-say-die-but-cling-to-the-end faith—it was hope, radiant, flaming hope, buoyant, joyous hope. Had it not been for such hope, the war would indeed have made the heart of France sick.

"In fact, don't you think it is fair to say that, if there be sickness in France to-day, it is due to the premature fulfilment of the hope of beating the Hun, resulting from our essentially non-hopeful President's single-handed and separated, premature negotiations, that led to that futile, foolish, peace-without-victory Armistice, so wildly welcomed in our purblind land? And yet we Americans still feel proud after that, and after our shameful years of fat neutrality, and our utter lack of preparedness. Worst of all—that is, almost worst of all, for, I suppose, in the ledgers of heaven, the biggest charge against us is our neutrality—worst of all is the fact that we seem to have learned absolutely nothing—we are calmly and sweetly letting the great, secret Teutonic Order of Blackness reorganize militant Hunland and demoralize pacifist America. A good authority tells me that German influences and propaganda, especially in labour union circles, were never so strong, active, and effective, even in the palmiest days of von Bernstorff, as they are to-day, and right in Washington, too."

"What would you say to the use of another old saw: 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb'?" asked Packham.

"Isn't that still another case of popular blindness to truth? Don't people forget the emphasis that should be placed on that word 'shorn'? I suppose it is because so very few of us have any first-hand knowledge of sheep-raising. A lamb is 'shorn,' whether it likes it or not, by an outside, stronger, and arbitrary power. The shorn lamb is a non-consenting victim to the shearer. It does not seek, desire or enjoy the shearing. Yet people will quote that proverb just as if it meant that God could spare a man from the inevitable consequences of his own folly or his own misdeeds. If it read: 'God guards the innocent victim of another's act,' it would be true; but, used the way that most people mean it—why, honestly now, don't you think it is arrant nonsense and that there is much more truth in: 'God hates a fool'?"

"Since we are talking of changes in counsel down the centuries, is it fair not to remember that America started with a vital fallacy of that sort? Mr. Eliot Goodwin, in his researches into the influences upon the founders of our republic, discovered that Jefferson had made a radical and far-reaching change, in restating a bit of Montesquieu's compacted wisdom. Goodwin found that that great Frenchman might justly be called the grandfather of America. Montesquieu wrote that 'Man is entitled to life, liberty, and the protection of property';—bully good common sense and a creed any nation could well afford to adopt, for there is nothing in it incompatible with individual responsibility for one's own acts and for the performance of one's own duties. Jefferson, perhaps the most unsound thinker that America has produced, and so

characteristically typical of present day thought that it is not unfair to regard him as the protagonist and exemplar of what is upsetting the nation to-day—Jefferson loved the sound of words and the reactions from phantasy. He rarely stopped to count the consequences of his words and acts. That called for creative imagination, which he lacked and which Burke and Hamilton possessed. It caught his fancy to revolt from Montesquieu's sublime common sense and to write into the Declaration of Independence—'Man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' which sounds well, means nothing, and which began in America the chasing of rainbows, without regard to the facts of life or the laws of the universe. Is it not easy to see that a people so nurtured on sound and phantasy is not wholly blameable for not thinking straight, and for falling easy victims to the fine words in which Jewish Socialism is being dressed for American consumption?" Darlwright stopped, either because he was through or else to light his cigarette.

Packham, it was, who this time broke in, saying: "That makes Jefferson a psychic. That would explain the mystery of his going back on all his convictions and annexing Louisiana, when Napoleon gave him the chance, although it went against Jefferson's own rulings as to constitutional limitations and against his own record. But, after all, psychics have no real convictions."

"Unless their blind faith in themselves and their momentary wisdom, however often they may change sides, may be a conviction," was Darlwright's addition.

"And I am led to wonder if Jefferson was the last great psychic to lead American thought, or to try to," came from Kittredge's corner.

"In spite of your explanation, Darlwright, don't you think it is rather strange that a people who are fast changing the old national motto —'In God we trust,' into 'Safety first,' should blunder along as we do in the face of the Hun menace?" asked Packham.

"Isn't that simply because we don't know what is the real 'safety'?"

"No— I think it is basic," broke in Kittredge, getting up and walking up and down. "We mean it. We have become so materialistic that we measure everything in terms of physical comfort. The Socialists are perfectly logical in their attitude towards war. They were even logical and consistent in their unfailing support of Germany during the war and since. Any set of people who want to take by force from one man to help out another man, who has proved his own unwillingness to help himself, naturally sides with the invaders of Belgium. It is all a question of using force to deprive another of his rights. More than that—to the true worshipper of 'Safety first,' it would be better to let Germany seize America, and rule us, than to sacrifice a single life or limb in fighting for independence, self-respect, and decency."

"Wouldn't it be worth while to start a national organization to preach and to teach where the real safety lies—in the old motto: 'In God

we trust'?" Packham spoke with more seriousness than any of them had heretofore shown.

Kittredge stopped in front of the smaller bookcase. "Where's your *Occult World?*" he asked.

"On the top shelf, at your left," called over Packham. Kittredge took down a book and ran over its pages.

"Here's your answer," he said, "and answered by one of the wise, that wonderful and loving teacher and helper, the Master K. H. Don't you remember this?" and he read:

" 'Such is unfortunately the inherited and self-acquired grossness of the Western mind, and so greatly have the very phrases expressive of modern thought been developed in the line of practical materialism, that it is now next to impossible, either for them to comprehend or for us to express in their own language anything of that delicate, seemingly ideal, machinery of the occult kosmos. To some little extent that faculty can be acquired by the Europeans through study and meditation, but—that's all.'

"And though Americans are Europeans, in the sense in which the Master K.H. used the classification, how many really study, and how many would be ready to meditate on any problem, even if it did involve their souls' salvation?" Kittredge fairly shot this over his shoulder. Then he resumed reading:

" 'And here is the bar which has hitherto prevented a conviction of the theosophical truths from gaining currency among Western nations—caused theosophical study to be cast aside as useless and fantastic by Western philosophers. How shall I teach you to read and write, or even comprehend a language of which no alphabet palpable or words audible to you have yet been invented?' " Kittredge looked up and said: "And don't you remember that hint of our great Western Master, when he was 'allowed to go among the herd of men as their redeemer'; that saying that is to me one of the very saddest in the Gospels—'And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' One did rise from the dead, and have men yet been 'persuaded'? And the line of prophets did not stop with John the Baptist, but has continued on, down to this very day. If such work has failed, do you think that any exoteric organization, however great, could succeed? But here is something even more conclusive, I think." Turning over the pages, Kittredge began to read again:

" 'Thus, because they cannot with one leap over the boundary walls, attain to the pinnacles of Eternity—because *we* cannot take a savage from the centre of Africa and make him comprehend at once the *Principia* of Newton or the *Sociology* of Herbert Spencer, or make an unlettered child write a new *Iliad* in old Achaian Greek, or an ordinary painter depict scenes in Saturn, or sketch the inhabitants of Arcturus—*because of all this our very existence is denied.* Yes, for this reason are believers in us pronounced impostors and fools, and the very science which leads to

the highest goal of the highest knowledge, to the real tasting of the Tree of Life and Wisdom—is scouted as a wild flight of imagination.' "

Kittredge put back the book and said: "That was written, remember, in the very early eighties. Is it not true to-day? A world which still rejects the Living Christ, cannot be expected to understand, or to be able to understand, where real 'safety' lies. You would be using 'old Achaian Greek,' indeed, if you tried to preach and teach generally, that is, to the mass of men, against the great ground swell of the present tide of ignorance, selfishness, sloth, and materialism that is sweeping over the world."

"You are talking like a man who has lost hope, Kittredge. That is not like you!" Packham showed his surprise.

"Thank God, I have neither faith nor hope in any materialistic measures. Yet I do hope and hope confidently for the coming of his kingdom—and I dare hope because of two saws that, I believe, I use correctly."

"And those are?" asked Darlwright.

"The first is: 'The kingdom of heaven is taken by violence.' My theosophical studies have taught me that this means violence, by me, to my own lower nature, which must be overcome, and never means and never meant, any kind of violence to my neighbour—'nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his.' As I do such violence to the enemy in my part of the fighting line, and as others do it on their parts—for no man works alone, for good or for ill—then, under the leadership, guidance and teaching of our Master, victory will surely come. So I see that what seems so utterly hopeless in the outer world, may only be the releasing of pressure, that will yet drive men to turn from futile, popular legislation and 'necessary automobiles' to Christ's commandments and the spiritual comforts."

Packham spoke: "But you said you used two saws—what's the second?"

" 'Great oaks from little acorns grow.' As long as the T.S., and its Branches, live and work, there is no need to lose hope for the world. Our 'little acorns' were picked from that 'Tree of Life and Wisdom' by the Masters themselves—at least that is my firm belief, which I know you share. The Masters have planted the seed. They know the soil. They plant not in vain. The work of Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, and their associates, must inevitably bear fruit. Indeed we should be hopeful, for have we not seen with our eyes and heard with our ears the Message they have brought?"

ROBERT PACKHAM.

To smile in your brother's face is alms.—SAYING OF MOHAMMED.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

IN the widespread confusion of the present day, and the general bewilderment as to causes or remedy for that confusion, it is refreshing to find such a statement as the following from a recent lecture by Mr. Alfred Noyes:

"To-day the real truth is called 'commonplace' or 'platitude,' but it is still the property of a very small minority. . . . The real rebel, the follower of the real truth, will be found obeying, or trying to obey, those laws of life, thought, art, in which there may be no more originality (in the fashionable sense) than in the laws that govern the courses of the sun. Yet, in their service still, to-day as yesterday and forever, we enter into our perfect freedom."

What a congeries of unpopular ideas these lines suggest: turning (presumably away from progress, that slogan of the present) back to ideals and standards of the past; seeing truth and reality in the commonplace; regarding the minority, and a conservative minority at that, as in the right, and sole possessors of the truth; and above all, finding freedom —that guerdon for which all the world is seeking with such lamentable blindness—in service and obedience. Needless to point out the contrast between this view and the general attitude of the time; it is painfully evident in every turn of events, in every page of newspaper or periodical, in the attitude of the workingman on every side—and all too often in the involuntary reaction of our own rebellious minds and ungoverned wills.

There is, of course, the small minority who possess the truth, and who, let us hope, may serve as the three good men in Sodom and Gomorrah; but in general the attitude of the day is well expressed by two paragraphs taken, one from an issue of a Trade Union magazine appearing shortly after the Armistice: "To-day . . . there should be written down . . . a prayer that this great victory of righteous force may not lead us unconsciously into the fatuous belief that men can be and should be compelled to render service to their fellow men"; the other, from a New York commercial sheet, which declares: "The people are 'sovereign,' so far as sovereignty on this earth can go. They may attempt whatever they please, and they must take the consequences." The snake of self given free rein—that is the law of the day, the explanation of all the manifold activities both at home and abroad, included under the term Bolshevism—and the explanation, as well, of the almost universal blindness or indifference to their inevitable result.

Some years ago, the anarchist, Prince Kropotkin, wrote, "What we learn to-day from the study of the Great [French] Revolution is that it was the source and origin of all the present communist, anarchist, and socialist conceptions . . . . up till now, modern socialism has added absolutely nothing to the ideas that were circulating among the French

people between 1789 and 1794, and which it was tried to put into practice in the year II of the Republic (*i. e.*, in the Reign of Terror)." Granting that this is the case, the French Revolution should afford many parallels to tendencies and events of the present day, and above all should offer illuminating suggestions, at least, as to the consequences that may be expected. Among recent publications, one by Mrs. Arthur Webster entitled *The French Revolution,* published by Constable and Company, London, gives an account written from an unusual and interesting point of view, well suited to bringing out the parallel or relationship between that period and our own. The sub-title of the book is "A Study in Democracy," and the author has undertaken to present her subject not from the revolutionary and not from the monarchist standpoint, but from that of the French people.

"During the last few years," she writes, "the French Revolution has become less a subject for historical research than a theme of the popular journalist who sees in that lurid period material to be written up with profit. This being so, accuracy plays no part in his scheme. . . . If the Revolution is to be regarded as the supreme experiment in democracy, if its principles are to be held up for our admiration and its methods advocated as an example to our own people, is it not time that some effort were made to counteract that 'conspiracy of history' that in France also, as M. Gustave Bord points out, has hitherto concealed the real facts concerning it? Shall we not at least cease from rhapsody" (a reference to Carlyle's work which she quotes Lord Cromer as terming a philosophical rhapsody, inaccurate and prejudiced; well worth reading, but not history) "and consider the matter calmly and scientifically in its effects on the people? This, after all, is the main issue—how was the experiment a success from the people's point of view?" The author consults for her purpose memoirs, journals and other contemporary accounts, of which she has made an exhaustive study, weighing the evidence on both sides, taking into account the personal bias or political sympathies of the writers and endeavoring to give actual facts freed from the many-coloured coat with which they have been overlaid.

The result differs widely and in many respects from the histories with which most of us are familiar. The outstanding feature perhaps is the assertion, well and convincingly substantiated, that the Revolution, far from being an expression of the will of the people, was the outgrowth of a series of intrigues, chief among which was a conspiracy of the Duc d'Orléans and his followers to seize the throne. The theory of a French people groaning under oppression, and forced in their misery to revolt against a cruel tyranny, is shown to be based on misunderstanding. The actual situation called for reform; the people demanded reform, and the King, in sympathy with the very apparent need, met it generously and in a way that won him the loyal support of his subjects. The Orléaniste conspiracy is the thread on which is strung every event of the Revolution. Systematically and cleverly organized,—for the Duke, however un-able

himself, had men of very genuine ability in his pay,—it was spread secretly over all France, and accomplished its aims through calumniation of the monarchy, employment of corrupt and base men as its tools, and terrorization of the people. By disseminating lying propaganda, by duping the uneducated classes, by committing atrocities—in many cases the equal of those in the Great War—and attributing them to others, by claiming sinister designs on the part of those victimized, the Orléaniste faction, with diabolical ingenuity, led the French people to work out their own destruction. This conspiracy it was which brought about each of the five great crises of the Revolution, contriving with consummate skill to conceal the real instigators and produce the effect of a spontaneous movement of the people against despotism. This it was which caused the continual vacillation of the mob from wild enthusiasm for the King to outbursts of revolutionary fury,—as the basest and most corrupt means were invariably employed to avert popular satisfaction at each concession made by the monarch.

A correspondingly different view of the King and Queen are given. Honest, benevolent, possessed of great simplicity and sincerity, the King regarded himself as the servant of his people. Again and again a display of force, the firing of a few shots, gave promise of ending the disturbances; but so long as the insurrection was against his own authority, so long as it was his own life at stake, he refused to shed the blood of his subjects; and only after an agony of irresolution could he determine to do so when the people, turning on each other, made it a duty to protect them against themselves. In affairs of state he was blundering, uncertain, short-sighted, and his great misfortune was never to have had, at any of the great crises, disinterested advisers. Added to this, his slow-moving mind could not calculate effects nor play on the emotions of the mob, as his enemies knew so supremely well how to do. His nobility, his goodness, his love for France, would have made him, in a less turbulent period, a greatly loved King. The author's comment on his death is consistently in accord with her view of him throughout: "Of all the men who played their part in the Revolution, there was only one who, realizing that no hope for his life remained, could say from the depths of his heart, as he stood on the threshold of the other world—the platform of the guillotine —'I desire that my blood may seal the happiness of the French.' That one true patriot, that one man ready to die for France and for the people, was the King."

Of the Queen, too—the Marie Antoinette of the years of the Revolution—a different view is given. She is shown to have had many truly queenly qualities, heroic courage and fortitude, dignity, charm, aloofness, and a certain strange power over those about her—a power which the author does not attempt to define, but before which the infuriated rabble more than once fell back abashed. She is represented as genuinely attached to the interests of France, but, while sensible, clever and quick of mind at the very points where the King was slow, she nevertheless

possessed none of the qualities of statesmanship, and erred continually through blindness and bewilderment. Her very virtues won her the bitter enmity of a number of the nobility, particularly that of the Duc d'Orléans and his boon companions, and, accordingly, persecutions, infamous libels, and intrigue against the Queen formed no small part of the Orléaniste conspiracy. Her other arch-enemy was the King of Prussia, whose ambitious schemings had been thwarted by her marriage with Louis XVI and the resulting alliance with Austria. And here a whole new network of intrigue is suggested in the machinations of Frederick William through his agent Von der Goltz and others in his employ in Paris. An item is given from the account of the Prussian King for the year 1792—"six million écus for corruptions in France"—money spent for the purpose of embroiling France with Austria, thus overturning the balance of power in Europe; for discrediting and blackening the character of the Queen, as a means to undermine the monarchy in France; for arousing sympathy with Prussia, and in every nefarious way for opening up avenues to the realization of Prussian ambition. Everyone is familiar with the accusations against Marie Antoinette regarding her Austrian sympathies. Mrs. Webster writes: "This, then, was one of the great crimes of the unhappy Queen—that she was anti-Prussian. Those amongst the French who still revile her memory would do well to remember that she was the first and greatest obstacle to those dreams of European domination that, originating with Frederick the Great, culminated in the aggression of 1870 and 1914."

Many there were, according to the author, who knew the facts, particularly of the Orléaniste conspiracy; and certain men, among whom are mentioned Mounier, Bergasse, Lafayette, might have used their great influence in exposing and righting the situation. They failed to act, we are told, not because they lacked courage, but because they regarded the conspiracy as incidental to the Revolution, "they recognized its existence but failed to recognize its extent, . . . they were visionaries, and at times of national crisis visionaries are of all men the most dangerous; intent on the pursuit of unattainable ideals, they shut their eyes to realities, and instead of facing danger prefer to ignore it." This, it would seem, is one of the fundamental parallels between that period and this: a vast majority of people, well-meaning, perhaps, but indifferent, blind, and too intent on material concerns to be awake to the situation (though for different reasons in each case); and leaders who are visionaries, pursuing unattainable ideals, ignoring danger instead of facing it. In our own day this has been evident on every hand. We have seen it in the attitude toward each step of German infamy and aggression; it was clear in the case of the murder of the Czar and every ensuing feature of the Russian situation; it is equally clear, in the present world crisis, in the way in which we dally with the matter of recognition of the Soviet government, complacently remain "unruffled" toward the defiant action of Labour in the question of war with Russia, or calmly watch Red armies negotiating for German aid, reassuring ourselves with the observation that "the whole

mental outlook of Germans of that class is too utterly foreign to that of Bolshevism for anything like real friendship to be possible." On the part of the majority of mankind there is ignorance, indifference, disinclination to act; on the part of their leaders, refusal to face facts, or an attempt to minimize their seriousness,—a continual tendency to avoid the issue, to temporize, to compromise. And what was the result in 1789? Leaders and people alike fell an easy prey to a few unprincipled men filled with "the will to power"; were readily deceived by the subversive doctrines of a handful of malcontents who led them from illusion to delusion, and thence to revolutionary madness. "But does the nation *know* what it wishes?" sneeringly retorted one of the revolutionary leaders in France. "One can make it wish, and one can make it say what it has never thought . . . the nation is a great herd that only thinks of browsing."

To turn to a matter which attracts comparatively little attention: what is being done at the present time to combat the literature of the Bolshevist propagandists or of the equally subversive "intellectual radicals"? In a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly,* an article by J. Salwyn Schapiro makes the statement: "A phenomenon new to America is the growing sympathy among men and women of education, with the ideals and methods of the revolutionary proletariat. . . . What is taking place in America now—something with which Europe has long been familiar—is the formation of an intellectual *class,* revolutionary in tendency and bound together by a common antipathy for the present order of things." He refers also to a tradition established at the time of the French Revolution, that writers, teachers, artists, and scientists can exercise power in society, provided it is used on the side opposed to the *status quo.* Even a casual glance at radical periodicals will offer endless illustrations of the work of this type of writer—men and women bent on "exercising power in society," carried away with the idea of self-expression, and in every case convinced that a new life, a new world, lies open to them if only the existing order can be destroyed. (We all know the counterpart of this in ourselves: which of us has not had the conviction at one time or another that he could really live pretty well up to his ideal if only this or that hindrance, obstacle, or interfering circumstance could be removed!) Given free rein, what is the significance of these subversive doctrines? To what do they lead?

We are told that in the France of 1790 the philosophers—the noted reformers, Rousseau and Diderot, for example—had comparatively little effect on any but the aristocracy and the educated bourgeoisie. The common people, the peasant tilling the soil, were too intent on their crops, or on other immediate interests, to be influenced by them. But there were a host of pamphleteers, journalists, subversives of all sorts, "intellectual radicals" like the coterie of Madame Roland, who reached all classes with the contagion of their seditious doctrines, and who worked endless harm. "To make the people happy," wrote one of them, "their ideas must be reconstructed, laws must be changed, morals must be changed, men must

be changed, things must be changed, *everything, yes, everything must be destroyed,* since everything must be re-made." In passing, it may be added that the writer of these high-flown phrases lived to see them realized in all their horror. His wife became a suicide from despair, and he himself a victim of the guillotine. France, too, had her parlour Bolshevists, people who dabbled over dinner tables in revolutionary doctrines, and outdid the revolutionists themselves in the ardour of their laudation of each excess.

In our own day there is a more or less general feeling that one is rather hysterical to take these misguided people too seriously; they have a right to their opinions, it is said, and, after all, what more does it amount to than a form of "self-expression," extreme, yes, but harmless. On this point of self-expression, there is a pertinent line from Professor Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism:* "A man may safely go into himself if what he finds there is not, like Rousseau, his own emotions, but, like Buddha, the law of righteousness." In Mrs. Webster's history there is an opportunity to see the poison of the "harmless" theories taking its insidious effect, and to trace it in its far-reaching results. And the author offers in comment: "Is not the instigator of a crime infinitely more criminal than the wretched instrument who commits it? And were not the orators and writers—Marat, Danton, Desmoulins, Brissot, Carra, Madame Roland—more truly the authors of these excesses than the crazed and drunken populace who put their precepts into practice? For the cannibals of the Tuileries, the horrible women of the Paris Faubourgs plunging their knives into the bodies of their victims, had not evolved such deeds from their own inner consciousness."

De Tocqueville, in his study of pre-Revolutionary France, comments on the influence of the writers who inspired and developed the revolutionary ideals, and asserts that the government should have *employed* them, thus having them under some degree of control. Profiting by the suggestion, whether knowingly or otherwise, Germany, as was characteristic of her, kept her revolutionary writers under direct control and supervision, with the natural result that such form of expression did not flourish in that country. What our own country might or might not do in the way of prevention or of counter-propaganda is not to the point, here. The chief point is, what can we do personally? What are we doing to familiarize ourselves with facts, to take a clear and (so far as possible) intelligent view of events, and above all to control or eliminate in ourselves the subversive element which will otherwise colour and distort every thought, every influence that comes to us? It is a difficult task and one that requires a man's whole attention and effort—to realize that each one of us has a direct causal connection with events, even of world-wide import, and then to do something about it. It is difficult, because so much more is necessary than mere mental assent—indeed, it involves the whole problem of self-mastery; for, without self-mastery, right thinking can never be relied upon to lead to right action.

Point by point, as we read Mrs. Webster's account, the parallel stands

out. The specious promises of the revolutionary leaders, the events which led to the establishment of the Republic, the ensuing war on civilization, the plan for world-wide extension, the hideous program of the Reign of Terror, all have their counterpart in the rule of Lenin and Trotzky. Early in the course of events the people saw and repented of their error, but too late, for through the Jacobin Clubs, formed secretly in all sections of the country, every opposition to the central power could be forestalled and visited with hideous penalty. From Arthur Young's contemporary account, *The Example of France,* comes the following: "Doubtless there were French farmers who rejoiced at the spectacle of all the great properties of the kingdom being levelled by the nation; they did not, however, foresee that it would be their own turn next; that the principle of equality being once abroad, would infallibly level *all* property." Mrs. Webster quotes phrases from contemporary documents such as, "day-labourer now enriched with 50,000 livres of income," or, "who arrived in Paris in sabots and now possesses four fine houses" (phrases suggestive of conditions with which we are all familiar). But she writes: "The democrats of 1789 had become the aristocrats of 1792, and it was no longer only the nobles who cursed the Revolution, but the farmers, the manufacturers, and the industrious bourgeois who three years earlier had hailed 'the dawn of liberty,' and now found themselves sharing the fate of the class they had been so eager to dethrone."

Similarly, Mrs. Webster cites a law of 1791 suppressing all coalitions of workmen (annihilation, not suppression, is the actual word used), and forbidding the workmen to "name presidents, keep registers, make resolutions, deliberate or draw up regulations on their pretended common interests," or to determine any fixed scale of wages. A recent book on Bolshevism by John Spargo, *The Greatest Failure in All History,* might well be referring to that same period. It tells of the struggle in Russia between the Soviet government and the trade unions, with the subsequent abolishment of certain unions, denial of the right to strike, arbitrary settlement of wages and working conditions, suppression of all meetings, and the compulsory labour of all citizens, of both sexes, between the ages of sixteen and fifty. The Commissar of Labour is quoted as having placed in a number of industrial concerns special dictators "with unlimited powers and entitled to dispose of the life and death of the workmen." All this in the so-called reign of the proletariat—and facts of this character can be multiplied indefinitely.

It may be objected that such parallels refer only to conditions in far-off Russia. We are inclined to feel so remote, so safe! Much is written in our periodicals to show that such conditions could never exist in our country. The qualities, characteristics and past experience of the Russian peasant are dwelt upon and contrasted with those of the working class elsewhere. The fact that in America there are hundreds of thousands of small landholders, with interests at stake, is shown to be a sure preventive. The tremendous extent of our territory, causing the same class or the

same labour group to have diametrically opposing interests in different localities, is regarded as a final safeguard. Yet is not all this rather like drawing the bed covers over one's head, in the belief that if the dark is not seen, there is no dark to be afraid of—especially in the face of recent labour developments in England, and of the I.W.W.'s open expression of adherence to the Soviet and antagonism to its foes, with its recent expulsion of seven thousand members for loading transports with supplies for General Wrangel?

However, be the effect of revolutionary contagion what it may, the most important fact in connection with the French Revolution—far more important than the parallel of tendencies and events—is the lesson that human nature follows the same course both in the past and in the present. The Revolution marked a cyclic culmination of the activity of the same forces that are finding expression to-day. The world over, there is actively at work the leaven of malice, wickedness, and greed — the spirit that regards obedience, service, sacrifice, all that is noble, all that is high, as hateful, as an abomination. Yet, opposed to it, there is the age-old truth: Except a man deny himself and take up his cross daily. Let us remember that every day, every hour, in our minute-to-minute choice, we place ourselves actively on one side or the other. And let us remember, too, that even a little leaven will leaven the whole lump. J. C.

It is a fatal mistake to suppose that we cannot be holy except on the condition of a situation and circumstances in life such as shall suit ourselves. It is one of the first principles of holiness to leave our times and our places, our going out and coming in, our wasted and our goodly heritage entirely with the Lord. Here, O Lord, hast Thou placed us, and we will glorify Thee here.—T. C. UPHAM.

THE REALM, THE RADIANCE AND THE POWER*

"Learn now of me, how he who has won the first great victory, shall go forward to the everlasting Power. Here is the perfect rule of wisdom, briefly told:

"Let him hold himself firmly in the ray of the illumined Soul, freeing himself from the tyranny of sensations, and rising above lusts and hate;

"Let him dwell in solitude; let him be sparing of bodily lusts; let him subordinate thought, word, and deed to the Light; let him steadily bring himself under the inspired will; let him overcome self-reference;

"Let him rid himself of these things: conceit, violence, arrogance, sensuality, jealousy, graspiness; then, free from the sense of appropriation, and full of the great peace, he builds with the everlasting Power."—Songs of the Master.

THE perfect rule of wisdom here set forth, holds the answer to the difficulty and perplexity we are facing at this very time: the question what to do next. We have won the first great victory. And now we are waiting, in a kind of quietness and uncertainty, knowing that something has been gained, but not seeing clearly what it is, not able to give any lucid account of it to ourselves; not seeing whither our victory is to lead us. To use an idiom: we cannot see where to take hold: where to catch on.

This is far from being a new difficulty, or a perplexity peculiar to ourselves, or to the present hour. On the contrary, this uncertain and waiting attitude is a quite inevitable and constantly recurring stage on the great path of life; all who have passed along the path, have faced it, just as we are doing; and it is so familiar a friend that its position is marked in all the books of the Mysteries.

We shall make the matter clearer, if we go back a little, and see what our victory consists in. We may put it on record that every stage on the path consists of three parts, and that we have passed two of the three, in the stage we are travelling on. Every stage has three

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divisions: the time of aspiration; the time of illumination; the time of realization. And the moment of perplexity comes after illumination, and before realization—the point where we now stand.

We have all passed through the time of aspiration. We all know how it was with us. First, the time of miserable unrest; of crying for the light, but without in the least knowing what we wanted, or what our malady was. Nothing but a great dissatisfaction; a sense of the meanness of our lives. That was the first stirring of the soul. Then came a stronger longing for the realm, the radiance, and the power: for all the dim glory hidden in our souls. At first the thought of it was cherished as an almost hopeless regret, a sadness for something far beyond our reach. But here, as elsewhere, the appetite grows with eating. And aspiration gradually nursed itself into hope. We knew that the realm and the radiance were real; and we watched for the gleaming of the light that led us on, till hope became fulfilment; till aspiration ripened into illumination.

The full illumination may or may not remain within our conscious memory; but the sense of it is there. We know that the Oversoul has gleamed into our hearts, that we are inwardly open to the immortal sea. We may not know how we know this, nor remember our hour of revelation. But the radiance haunts us; the brooding divinity is there.

That is the second stage. Now comes the third. We have to work that radiant hour into our lives, to realize it in character and in work; to embody our revelation. When we have done this fully, we shall be ready to rise to a new illumination and a new realization; and so the great work goes on. But how to realize our sense of the Soul? That is the problem that brings us the perplexity of waiting. The memory and sense of the Soul haunt us like a shining sea we have seen in dreams, but we cannot find our way back to it; or we are on ice so smooth, that every movement sets us slipping. We can get no grasp on it, no hold, no leverage to move ourselves by. We cannot make our start in life.

The perplexity is a real one. But we overdo it. We never lose a chance of telling ourselves that we are at the end of our powers. That is one of the privileges of sovereign man. But there are ways out of our difficulty.

The first clue is this: it is not really we ourselves who have to find the way; it is not we who have to form the plan, and win the battle. That is already provided for, by the lord of life and death in each of us. The great Life, the everlasting Power, which, like a strong torrent, flows through the channel of our lives, has seen to that. We are not personally responsible for the moving power, for the vital force that is to carry us onwards. A sense of this brings stillness; and, in the stillness, the lord of life and death, the Genius, who really is responsible, will be able to catch our attention, and get his idea into our heads. But we try the patience of the Genius.

There are two elements: first, the almighty Power; then, our individual selves. Our work is, to express the Power, through our individual selves. That is what the sage of old meant, by bidding us keep firmly in the ray of the illumined Soul.

Our perplexity is due to this: a new power is to enter our lives, and it is so unlike anything we are familiar with, that it takes us a long time to recognize it; it takes us a long time to become conscious that we have recognized it. Then at last we shall be ready to move forwards.

It is another of man's privileges, to get into mischief of precisely the same kind, a hundred times in succession. This is what happens at this point of progress. We get entangled in the very things that we have just conquered, on our upward path of aspiration. There is a new air about them now, and we get taken in again. The traps that catch us are two, one for each of the inferior worlds, into which we have dropped back after our hour of illumination in the third world, the world at the back of the heavens. The two dear foes are, the lust of sensations, and the conceit of our personal selves. To get rid of the lust of sensation, is like a bath in the ocean, or a long breath of mountain air. To get rid of conceit is like a harassed debtor's sudden release from all financial liabilities. These are the things that stand in the way, and keep us from hearing the voice of the Genius.

It is not sensation that we are to conquer, but the lust of sensation: the preoccupation of our fancies, by memory and desire. Sensation is the earth, quite clean in its due place. The lust of sensation is that same earth afloat in the sea of emotion; the muddy wave of a shallow sea.

The position is this: our souls have a layer of sensation below us; a layer of inspiration above us. We cannot do justice to both at once; we cannot have the sense of both at once. If we are preoccupied with the one, we shall be deaf to the other. But we are here to catch the voice of inspiration. Before we catch it, we must close our ears to the voices of the earth. People fancy they cannot get on without sensation, and that if it ceased for a moment, they would die. They have to learn the contrary. To put this in another way: the perpetual thinking of certain sensations, as dwelling in certain parts of our natural bodies, forms a web which holds the psychic body within the physical body, and prevents its going forth to commune with the Soul. We must forget about our natural bodies for awhile, or we shall remain prisoners, till death tumbles us out into the blue ether.

It is not a question of deadening sensation, and growing rigid. It is rather that we must wash our memories and fancies clean, at least for a while. We are to receive a quite new kind of impression, from a new direction. We cannot be in two places at once. This is the very simple truth which underlies all ascetic ideals. Abstinence, in itself, has not the slightest value, but the stillness that goes with it is needed, if we are to hear the other voice.

Then that dear enemy, who comes back to us as often as recurring

springtime: the conceit of our personal selves. It is something like this: we are made of three things,—the animal, the personal, the divine. Our life really streams down from the divine, through the personal life, to be expressed by the animal, in the visible world. For the animal can really express very noble and subtle things, in his looks and works. But the personal part of us, the middle man, labours under the delusion that he is doing it all; and he thinks, moreover, that whatever he wants, must be good for all three. So he exasperates the creative man above him, and makes the animal man do many unwholesome and exciting things, which bring him to an early grave. It is the illusion of very young people, that all half-heard conversation is about themselves; and that all the world is watching them. That part of youth often lasts long; and it is this fatuity which defeats the Genius. The personal man thinks that everything which goes on, is for his benefit; he wants to get a profit from everything, and is continually trying to wrest things in his direction, instead of letting them go clear through, to express themselves in the outer world. What is there in it for me? asks the personal man; and that instinct vitiates all good work. That is what the old sage meant by the sense of appropriation. It is the sin of the middle world. Vanity keeps many a man from hearing the voice of the soul. The vanity of what he fancies his personal self to be, of what he fancies others think of him, and expect of him, keeps many a man from daring to obey the voice of the soul, when he has heard it. And the personal man is an adept at pleading in his own favour. He is a most plausible knave, and very sorry for himself.

We cannot listen to the soul, because we are thinking of our troubles; and vanity is father to most of them. The sage of old has mentioned other things which stand in our light. There is arrogance, the cheerful assurance of superiority, which seems to lighten every man who comes into the world. At least, we all use moral looking-glasses. Then violence, in which nature rebukes us. She makes a noise only when she is destroying. All her building goes on in silence; all the splendid vitality of spring comes forth without the audible stirring of a leaf. She can move a continent, and no one hears a grain of sand fall. Then jealousy, and the rest, that we know as much of as any sage. These things make the noise of our personal selves, which fills our ears, and drowns the voice of the silence.

These are the things that thwart us, when we should be standing in the ray of the illumined Soul. They keep back the stillness, in which the new voice should speak. Every inspiration comes from within and above us; from the Life in the radiance and the realm. The Life speaks to the individual soul, and seeks to be expressed through the work of the individual soul. Now all souls are different. So all expressions of the Life will be different, though inspired by the same Power; just as the same sun brings forth a hundred different flowers, from as many different seeds. Each of us has his seed of genius and power, his

individual talent and gift. And the problem is, to let it be quickened by the eternal sunlight.

Here is at once a difficulty, and a delight. The work will be different for each of us; so that no one can really show the way to another. But its fruit will be different for each, so that each of us will have the delight of original creation. We are in the presence of the Power, the Radiance, the Life. The Oversoul is brooding palpably over us, and we feel the haunting presence. But it is all so new, so unprecedented, so strange, that we do not know how to begin, or how to put our hands to the work.

Well, there is plenty of time. Work that is to last forever, need not be hurried. We shall not be taken to task, for making the gods wait. But that splendid presence will haunt us, brooding over our days and nights, until we are carried away by its mighty breath of creative fire, and then we shall know what the lord of life and death was whispering to us through the silence. C. J.

Now understand this well: all those who love themselves so inordinately that they will not serve God save for their own profit and because of their own reward, these separate themselves from God, and dwell in bondage and in their own selfhood; for they seek, and aim at, their own, in all that they do. And therefore with all their prayers and with all their good works, they seek after temporal things, or may be strive after eternal things for their own benefit and for their own profit. These men are bent upon themselves in an inordinate way; and that is why they ever abide alone with themselves, for they lack the true love which would unite them with God and with all His beloved. . .

But from that very hour in which, with God's help, he can overcome his selfhood—that is to say, when he is so detached from himself that he is able to leave in the keeping of God everything of which he has need—behold, through doing this he is so well pleasing to God that God bestows upon him His grace. And, through grace, he feels true love: and love casts out doubt and fear, and fills the man with hope and trust, and thus he becomes a faithful servant, and means and loves God in all he does. Behold, this is the difference between the faithful servant and the hireling.—JOHN OF RUYSBROECK.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

March 22nd, 1916.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * *

But I cannot feel about the war as you do: I cannot think of it as "a terrible war." The awful element in the war is that which caused it;—the evil of humanity which gradually accumulated during the past;—the past thousand years or the past million years, whichever you like. That evil is the terrible thing, the thing to mourn over, to get emotional about, if you like. But do not permit yourself to do anything but rejoice over the war itself, which is doing so much to clean up this accumulated evil. It is wholly good; and the more suffering it causes, the better it is, so long as human souls have the courage and fortitude to take it in the right spirit, as they are doing in France so splendidly, and in some measure everywhere else.

Your instinctive and automatic attitude against war is just as logical and very similar to the position you might take of thinking very terrible the restrictions on the liberty and self-indulgence of religious in a convent. Indeed, I have no doubt that there are times when the human side of you does almost unconsciously think that the religious have a very hard road to travel, and you pity them and their hardships. But please note that they do not pity themselves, at least those who are any good do not.

We can pity the religious who pities himself, and we can pity the person nowadays who does not understand and whose ignorance causes him to suffer because of the war, but we must not pity him because of the war, or because of the direct suffering it may entail.

We can pity the ignorance that causes this suffering, but the suffering itself is purely remedial, is a blessing sent by the Master, is a gift of grace from on high.

You know all this with part of yourself as well as I do. Why then not make it a part of your daily consciousness, and conquer that emotional element in you which reacts to your environment, and which blinds your real vision of things? I feel sure that you will now do this, in the light of the splendour which France has shown you.

With kind regards, I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 19th, 1916.

DEAR ————

About a week ago the *New York Times* printed two extracts from Cardinal Mercier's last pastoral letter, which, we understand, was issued

by him about two months ago, was suppressed, and a copy of which only recently reached England and was translated.

Cardinal Mercier is one of the great figures of the world; one who has risen to his responsibilities in a way that makes one's heart glow. Everything we have seen of his, and we have watched for everything he has spoken or written, has been fine, and some of it has been sublime. This last pastoral has the best definition of righteous war that we have seen.

I have often started to write you during these recent months, but there is so much to say that I have shrunk from the task of trying to express any of it.

The superb behaviour of France, the gradually improving condition and behaviour of England, the unutterable selfishness and materialism of this country, which does not seem to us to have one redeeming feature, the progress generally of the fight between the White and the Black Lodge, all these things fill our thoughts hourly and are the mainsprings of our actions. Things are working to a crisis everywhere, and I look soon to see some outer expression of inner facts, which will be of the greatest importance to us all.

With best wishes, I am, Yours sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

Dear ———

I was glad to receive your letter of January 3rd, and it was a great pleasure to have your reply in English. . . .

I am glad, too, to learn that you hope soon to found a new Branch at ——, and I hope that your wishes will come true. Please remember, however, that the great Masters who watch over and guide the destiny of the human race, are more anxious about the quality of members than about numbers. Two or three really wise and devoted disciples are worth more than thousands of ordinary members. Mr. Judge used to say that if, as a result of his life's work, he could know when dying that he had brought seven people to the Masters, he would feel that his work had been a success; but of course he meant to bring seven people into conscious discipleship. Only a very few of the thousands who try, ever really succeed from the point of view of this high standard. It is not easy to become a disciple, but it is easy to try; and if we try we are sure to succeed in time.

I trust that you will write to me if you find any difficulty in carrying out the practices I recommended in my first letter, and that you will try very faithfully to do just what was suggested.

I am much obliged to you for your good wishes for the New Year. I also wish you peace and growth and well-being.

Fraternally,

C. A. Griscom.

DEAR ————

It was a pleasure to receive your letter of April 21st, and I am sorry that so long a time has gone by before I replied to it, but I have very many letters to write.

I was interested in what you told me of the priest. I believe that a liberal priest can do more good in the Church, gradually instilling high and noble ideas among his brethren, than by defying his superiors and being excommunicated. There is very much that is good in the Church, which is one of the instruments used by the Lodge, and which never has been abandoned.

I also note what you say about meditation. It is very hard to meditate. Only chêlas can do it perfectly, but as we are trying to become chêlas we must also learn to meditate, and the way to learn is to continue trying. We get more and more light as we go on. The tendency to go to sleep is natural, but it must be fought by making the effort to meditate more positive and virile.

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Fraternally,
C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR ————

Your letter of the third of November reached me in due time, and I want to assure you that you have my most sincere sympathy in the great loss that has come to you. For it is a "loss" when those who are bound to us by the closest ties are taken away from us. We are fortunate in knowing, as so many do not, that the ties of real love hold beyond the change that is called death. Indeed we have so much help in meeting all the trials and the discipline of life, that we may well require of ourselves a stout-hearted acceptance of the lessons sent us, and a courageous determination to find the essence of them. The tone of your letter, in these respects, is very gratifying to me; and I am sure that as you go forward, meeting to the very best of your ability the new duties and obligations that have been laid upon you, help, guidance and consolation will be sent you in generous measure. That is one of the blessings of sorrow, rightly accepted. We are led by it to see that there is help offered us in many ways, help to which we are blindly indifferent when life goes along smoothly for us.

I have been greatly interested in ——, and very much pleased with the character of the articles appearing in this new magazine of yours. We wish you all success with it.

With best wishes to you, and your work for the Cause to which you have dedicated your life, I am,

Fraternally,
C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * *

I am very sorry to hear of the death of your eldest son. The whole world seems to be full of death and suffering in these days of the great war. It must be good, or it would not be, but it is very hard to understand when the sorrow comes close home to us. I can sympathize with you.

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Fraternally,
C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR ————

I find that I have another letter from you, dated July 21st and announcing the very good news of the formation of your Branch, with its list of officers of so many different nationalities. I wish you every possible success and good fortune. The only advice I can give you is that you should be patient and charitable with each other. You cannot hope always to agree. *Each one of you should remember that the others' way may be just as good as your way; and that it does not matter so much what is done as that your intentions should be good. Try to settle all your differences of opinion in this spirit.*

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Fraternally,
C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR ————

I was exceedingly glad to learn about your marriage. You must let me congratulate you and wish you every happiness. I know of few greater blessings than to have a wife who is at one with us in our religious belief. The woman ought to be the inspiration of the household; keeping the members of the family up to the highest possible standard of conduct and faith.

* * * * * * *

You ask many questions about Karma. Yes, Karma often acts in the same life,—often almost immediately in fact. If you eat too much and have pain, that is Karma. If you lose your temper and are disagreeable to another, your feeling a few days later that he does not love you as much as you wish him to do, is Karma. Karma can be modified. We are all modifying our Karma every moment. The whole problem of discipleship is an effort to modify our Karma—to overcome and to nullify the effects of our past sins. The bad Karma we have created in the past, causes us to have certain faults and weaknesses, makes us stupid and blind. Our constant effort must be to overcome these faults, to learn not to be stupid and blind. In all of this we are modifying Karma. It is always fluidic, plastic, subject to constant change. Our destiny is entirely in our own hands. We are not the blind slaves of a law which

drives us forward; we are the children of a wise parent who guides and directs and gives us tasks and duties which will develop our capacities and cultivate our powers.

Remember that the law of Karma is administered by great, loving, wise and compassionate spiritual beings; and that its purpose is our salvation and our happiness. No two people in the world have the same Karma, and no two people would react in exactly the same way to the same influences. If two men each lose their much loved son, one of them may get bitter, hard, cynical; the other be made gentle and resigned, and be turned towards religion. There is no rule.

There are different kinds of Karma. Physical Karma is like the law of gravitation. If we walk over a precipice, we fall—no matter how good or how bad we may be. If we eat poison, we suffer; and if we take enough, whether by accident or on purpose, we die.

But moral Karma is different. Here the motive counts as well as the actual act. If we make an honest mistake, the compassionate law will save us from the full consequences of our action. We often do unwise things with good motives and escape the normal consequences of unwisdom.

* * * * * * *

Fraternally,
C. A. Griscom.

Dear ———

I was interested in your quotation from "Casandrá." I believe that the present war will not teach the world the futility of Socialism. Even the *débâcle* of the Russian revolution will not carry home the lesson. I expect a future war between the forces of Socialism and the conservative elements in society. This war may also be international, but with the people of each country fighting against each other.

As for your questions:

Karma can be avoided in one sense, for some one else may pay the price for your sin. That is the true meaning of vicarious atonement. A mother is constantly bearing the burden of her child's wrongdoing, and constantly saves the child from the consequences of his sin. Wherever there is real love, there is likely to be the bearing of another's burden, or Karma. The law itself must be fulfilled; but the law does not care whether you pay the price, or whether I do. That, of course, is a rough and ready answer to a very complicated question.

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Sincerely,
C. A. Griscom.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Lords of Karma are winnowing,—as when it was said of one of them that his "fan is in his hand, and he will throughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

On the plane of that which is being winnowed, there is turmoil and confusion. But the wielder of the fan knows what he is doing, and why. The thoughts of many hearts must be revealed. The wheat and the chaff must be separated.

We had been discussing this great law of life, both as exemplified in nations and in individuals. Presently, current events were mentioned, as examples.

"Presumably," said the Student, "those who claim to be a majority of the Irish people did not reveal themselves sufficiently during the war, although I should have thought they had. In any case, they continue to reveal themselves. I thought the murder of Commissioner Smyth particularly illuminating."

"Who was he and how was he murdered?" someone asked.

"Smyth had been a Colonel in the regular army during the war. He had won the Victoria Cross for extraordinary gallantry in action. He had lost one arm. When the war was over, he was appointed a Commissioner in Ireland. Because, in that capacity, he performed his duty with conspicuous success, the Sinn Feiners decided to murder him. They waited until this one-armed man was alone in his club, off duty. A dozen of them quietly entered and riddled him with bullets."

"Archbishop Mannix ought to have been there to bless them," commented the Philosopher.

"Yes," answered the Student. "But the wheels of the gods grind slowly. You must not expect too much self-revelation, all of a blow. Give him time. He is doing his best!"

"The Vatican is doing its best also," the Historian remarked. "The decorations in St. Peter's which were used at the canonization of Joan of Arc, were still in place on May 23rd when Oliver Plunket, at one time Archbishop of Armagh, was beatified; and Oliver Plunket is famous simply because he conspired to bring a foreign army into Ireland, for which he was hanged at Tyburn in 1681. His beatification was of course a Sinn Fein event and a compliment to their 'cause'."

"Great breadth of mind, has the Vatican," said the Philosopher grimly. "It is a mystery to me why the Soviet does not get itself baptized under those auspices. Mannix could then be made a Cardinal to look after their interests in Rome."

"When I think of the saints who have grown up within that Church, and of the heroism and self-abandonment of French priests during the war,—the unprincipled political manœuvring of the Vatican assumes the

proportions of a world crime, of a sin against the human soul everywhere. It is monstrous. The only explanation is that just as, during the war, the wheat was being separated from the chaff as between nations and as between individuals, so now, with that particular war nominally over, the same process is taking place within nations, within individuals, and within organizations. The high gods must wish to compel devout Roman Catholics to discriminate; to rely more upon the unseen and spiritual, and less upon the external and personal; to follow Christ rather than an ecclesiastical 'walking delegate,' whose first thought is for his religious 'Union' instead of for the principles and purposes of his Lord."

The Student had been speaking. He loves the devotional and mystical literature of Catholicism. It is because of this love, he says, that he so intensely hates the Vatican.

The Historian was the next to speak. "Your condemnation of Rome," he said, "is mild in comparison with that of many Catholic priests. I was talking with one of them not long ago, who admitted frankly that he could not and would not live in Rome itself, and whose disgust for the Roman Cardinals was as profound as his faith in what he described as the divine soul of his Church. He had learned what the Catholic layman also must learn,—to discriminate for himself, as you have said, between that which is from Christ on the one hand, and from the craft and subtlety of the devil on the other hand."

"Meanwhile, however," the Sage suggested at this point, "the Catholic layman, to a far too great extent, takes his cue from those same Roman Cardinals, using his Church as a means to his own political ends, and adopting any sort of 'principles' which lend themselves temporarily to his needs. Thus, the Knights of Columbus, at their supreme convention recently held in New York, unanimously adopted a resolution proposed by United States District Attorney Gallagher of Boston, that:

" 'As Americans and as Knights of Columbus we believe in the right of freedom to [*sic*] every people everywhere to determine the form of government under which they live. It is trite, perhaps, to say it; but say it we do, that the Knights of Columbus, in common with all true Americans, believe that Ireland has the right and ought to be a free and independent nation. This truth is axiomatic and, therefore, no argument is necessary.'

"That resolution quite obviously is not honest. Among the Knights of Columbus there are men of some education, trained, as lawyers or doctors or what not, to know that two cows will not make one horse. Actually, they know that the theory of self-determination is nonsense, and that it was disposed of in this country during the Civil War. Suppose that a majority of the inhabitants of Wisconsin were to say—'We are Germans. We have a right to determine the form of government under which we live. We have a right and ought to be a free and independent nation. We hereby separate ourselves from the United States and invite His Imperial Majesty William of Germany to rule over us.' Would the

Knights of Columbus endorse that proposition? If the Alaskans or the Porto Ricans or the natives on the banks of the Panama Canal were to declare their independence; or the Bretons in France, or the Sicilians of Italy, or, perhaps, the negroes of Louisiana or the Jews of New York,—would these Irish-American patriots stand by their 'axiom'? I trow not!"

"The so-called principle of self-determination," the Sage continued after a pause, "is one of the psychic perversities which sprang, fully armed, from the solar plexus of our Capitol during the war.

"Question: If fifty-one per cent of the inhabitants of Albania were uneducated Mohammedans, and forty-nine per cent of them were semi-educated Christians; if neighbouring villages throughout Albania were occupied severally by these separate divisions of the population, and if the chief desire of both Christians and Mohammedans were to kill one another on sight,—how would self-determination work out if both sections independently were to claim a prior right 'to govern their own country their own way'?"

The Student laughed. "If," he said, "the word 'psychic' means, among other things, the unconscious burlesque of an ideal, and therefore of a spiritual reality, it is certainly the right adjective to describe the doctrine of self-determination. Clearly, it can exist only in the Lodge, among disciples. Try it in a nursery (it has often been tried there) and see what happens! Each child has the right of self-determination,—the right to be 'a free and independent child'. Each child has the right to decide what it will eat and when; what it will wear and when; what it will play with and when. . . ."

"I suppose you know," interjected the Doctor, "that infantile insanity is enormously on the increase in this country, particularly among the children of the rich, just because so many nurseries actually have been conducted on a basis of 'self-determination' and of 'self-expression'."

"Yes," the Student answered. "I have heard so. The parents of such children—poor little unfortunates—seem to proceed on the theory that there is but one self, which is the lower self, and that Lenine and Madame Montessori are Its prophets.

"When all men are perfect in wisdom and in self-control, there will no longer be need for outer government and for outer control. Consequently, the reforming psychic argues—catching a glimpse of this ultimate attainment and turning it upside-down,—consequently, you should do away with outer control and permit the free expression of the self within, so that the ultimate attainment may be precipitated."

"Quite so," the Doctor commented. "Set free the unbroken colt. Let him follow the inspirations of his spirit. When he is old and dying, he may eat out of your hand—supposing he has not strength enough left to eat you . . . . It's a great scheme."

"But seriously," asked the Visitor, rather worried, "does not everything you have been saying apply with equal force to the principles of democracy and of universal suffrage?"

"It looks like it," laughed the Doctor.

"But what are you going to do about that?"

"What are you going to do about Sin, and the Influenza?"

"Well,—I can at least try to keep them out of myself."

"Good for you! Perhaps we can do as much when it comes to democracy and self-determination. In any case, we need not encourage them; and, occasionally, from some vantage point of safety, beyond the range of brickbats, it may be possible to suggest to others that *demos* means 'mob', and that the world to-day looks like it!"

"Irrespective of theory," the Engineer suggested, "I wonder what would be the practical result if a foot-ball team were to be captained by a committee. Imagine, in the course of a match, that every decision had to be arrived at by means of conference, discussion, and a formal vote. Compare the chances of that team if matched against another whose captain, without being a genius, were capable of intelligent and quick decision!"

"But suppose the members of a team refuse to play unless all of them have an equal voice in all decisions?" This from the Visitor.

"In that case, they must be content to be beaten whenever they do play. But they cannot have an equal voice. They cannot even make an equal amount of noise. And apart from noise, unless you anticipate unanimity on all occasions, there will be inequality between the man who yells 'No' with the majority, and the man who yells 'Yes' with the minority."

"The Black Lodge delights in confusion," said the Sage.

"Yes; and in self-assertion also," added the Student.

"You realize, of course," the Historian commented, "that you are not criticizing a method of government which is necessarily an expression of democracy. A mob can elect a captain as easily as it can elect a committee. Confusion in the latter case is incessant; in the former case, when the mob elects a captain for a fixed period, the confusion is periodic, while when it elects him 'subject to good behaviour,' which means for so long as he does what the mob wants,—the confusion, while not always incessant, is always frequent and usually violent.

"The essence of democracy, as I see it, is the election of one or of many persons to represent the mob, every member of which has an equal vote regardless of varying intelligence, of varying moral responsibility, of age, of class. And because the best of a nation, at this stage of evolution, must form a small percentage of the whole, it follows that democracy usually elects as its representatives, men who fall far short of the best, as the average must . . . It is a make-shift method, which it is ridiculous to regard as ideal."

"Do you suggest, then," the Visitor asked, "that government by the Hohenzollerns would be better than government by a properly elected President, as in France or the United States?"

"Incidentally," answered the Historian, "you will please keep in

mind that the word President means a presiding officer: one who is supposed to preside over, and to voice the decisions of, either a committee or a gathering of elected representatives. Our own recent experience in this country ought to have demonstrated how much confusion arises when that fact is overlooked, and also how impossible it is for a consistent, a continuous policy to be carried out under an elective system. We know, not only in theory but in practice, that the moods of a mob are as unstable as water.

"However, to answer your question properly, I must ask you one: when you speak of 'government by the Hohenzollerns', do you mean a government of devils, by devils? If so, my answer is that I greatly prefer our own or the present French system! Or do you mean a government based upon the dynastic principle?—because, if so, and if we are to discuss the matter intelligently, it is only fair that you should accept the government of Costa Rica as a typical republic."

Our Visitor laughed. "Have it your own way," he said.

"Very well," the Historian answered. "Then we will begin by asking ourselves. . ."

"Pardon me," the Student interrupted, "but I think I foresee where you are wending, and before we leave the subject of government by committee, I should like to read you a passage from *The Adventures of Dunsterforce,* by Major-General Dunsterville, who was in command of the small British force which worked its way during the war, from Bagdad, through Persia, to Baku on the Caspian Sea. General Dunsterville, by the way, was the original, when a boy, of Kipling's Stalky. His adventures when in command of the 'Hush Hush Army', as it was called, are a fitting sequel to Kipling's story. . . When he arrived at Baku, it was his duty to keep out the Turks and the Germans by active co-operation with some untrained Armenians, some Russian 'Reds', and a handful of disciplined Cossacks.

"Dunsterville says: 'As an example of the behaviour of the Red Army troops I will relate an incident that resulted in the loss of one of our armoured cars at this time. Bicherakov ordered a reconnaissance to be carried out by one of his Cossack squadrons supported by a British armoured car. The party passed over a bridge which was held by a strong detachment of the Red Army, and they impressed on the commander of this detachment the importance of his post, as this bridge carried the road over an impassable nullah on their only line of withdrawal. The reconnoitering party carried out their duties and proceeded to withdraw. On arrival at the bridge they found that it was in the hands of the Turks. The Cossack cavalry put up a very good fight in the endeavour to regain possession, and to cover the withdrawal of the armoured car, but the effort did not succeed; the cavalry suffered very heavy losses, and the armoured car fell into the hands of the Turks. One cannot help smiling at the idea of troops in action leaving their posts to attend political meetings, but these comic incidents have tragic endings,

and in this case the amusing behaviour of the Red Army soldiers meant the lives of many brave men and the loss of the armoured car. When freedom is carried to the extent of permitting men to leave their military duties during the progress of an action, war becomes impossible.

" 'This is the first example of such failure of duty recorded in the history of this campaign, but it will not be the last. We soon learnt that such conduct was the rule and not the exception.'

"That is all. Trotzky, Lenine, *et al.*, have thrown off the mask since then. The Black Lodge has never been accused of brainlessness. It uses Democracy, which spells confusion, as a stepping-stone. It was used in Russia for that purpose. Trotzky and Lenine, willing tools, forced their way up through their native slime and chaos until they made themselves despots. The Czar, theoretically, was a despot. But he was among the very best of his people. He was so much too good for the majority of them that they revolted. God usually gives us what we deserve! Russia reaps what it sowed. It murdered. It reaped Trotzky and Lenine. It is still reaping murder,—a huge harvest."

There was a pause. The Student turned to the Historian. "Again I apologize for my interruption," he said. "Please tell us what you were going to say. Our Visitor has to leave before long. When I broke in, you . . ."

"I had intended to suggest," the Historian responded, "that an essential preliminary to finding out whether a ship is steering a right course, is to know her destination. What, then, is the destination of peoples and of governments? Also, from what very different ports are those very different vessels sailing? With perfect respect—academically at least—for those who insisted that men gave their lives in the war that the world be made safe for democracy, I should like to point out that if we describe our common destination as *x*, a steamship starting from New York, and a sailing vessel starting from Bombay or Alexandria, cannot properly steer the same course. Further, the course they are steering must depend necessarily, to some exent, upon what stage of their journey they have reached. Considerations such as these would be regarded as trivial, I fear, by those who would apply the Constitution of the United States as a plaster to cover the heads of all mankind. All I can say is that, as a passenger on one of those ships, I should feel more comfortable if the Soviet in command would condescend to take these practical 'trivialities' into account.

"Assuming that you, however, will accept my fundamental proposition, namely, that the question of destination must first be answered, I shall next have to ask you what you think our western world means when it prays—as all sects pray—'Thy Kingdom come'?"

"It doesn't mean anything," the Visitor answered. (He has an honest mind. Some day he will make a good member of The Theosophical Society).

"I am afraid you are right," said the Historian. "But let me ask

you this: what is the petition, 'Thy Kingdom come', supposed to mean?"

"I believe," said the Visitor, "that when people give it any significance at all, most of them mean by those words,—'May all that is nice about God, come into the world: the peace and the comforts and fair weather of His Kingdom'; and I think they would add, if they knew enough,—'But I hope He won't interfere'. However, there must be many besides myself whose interpretation is different, and who try sincerely to pray that Christ will rule over us, and over his world, just as he rules already in heaven."

"That," said the Historian, "as I think you know, would be the theosophical interpretation, except that Theosophy would be more specific. For instance: how does Christ reign in his heaven, or, to be still more specific, how does he reign in the Lodge? What is the method of government in the Lodge? By the term 'Lodge', you will understand, we mean that great brotherhood of the elect, who, from all races and in all ages, have struggled upward from selfishness to selflessness, from imperfection toward perfection,—and, in some cases, to perfection itself. Those who have attained completely—who are perfect in love, in wisdom, in power—we speak of as Masters, though they speak of themselves as the Brothers. Above the greatest whom the world has known, there are others, even greater. Thus, when Christ spoke of his Father, he referred sometimes to God, or to the Logos, and sometimes to his spiritual Father in the Lodge,—to a great Master to whom Christ himself looked up. Remember, please, that there can be no finality in the universe; that there can be no entity of whom it may be said, 'He is the last, the greatest, the furthest: there is nothing beyond Him.' Philosophically, that would imply finality, limitation; and there can be no limitation within the Absolute, or, for that matter, within the universe, once you grant, as I think you must, that the universe itself is infinite . . .

"So, within the Lodge, within the great Brotherhood made up of the world's sages and saints and adepts, there are men and women who differ widely in spiritual attainment, from those who have but just crossed the threshold and who still are struggling upwards, to those who reached 'the terrace of enlightenment' in *manvantaras* preceding our own. In other words, the Lodge is an aristocracy, based upon spiritual attainment."

"Could you use some other word?" broke in the Student, rather anxiously. "You know what prejudice there is against the idea of an aristocracy."

"People who read the QUARTERLY," the Historian answered, "are supposed to be open-minded, and if the Recorder intends to use this conversation in the "Screen of Time", I shall be obliged if he will use my term. It is a perfectly wholesome word! It is derived from two Greek words, as I remember it,—from *aristos,* best, and *kratos,* rule. It means, therefore, 'rule by the best', or, as dictionaries translate it,

'government by nobles'. Very well: the Lodge is governed by its noblest. Have you any objection to that?"

"I gather," smiled the Visitor, "that an objection, if one were to object, would not greatly affect the fact!"

The Historian laughed. "I admire your resignation," he said; "or in any case your philosophic calm in the face of anything so subversive . . . Aristocracy let it be, then. But a brotherhood too,—the only true brotherhood. 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', is a reality in the Lodge, and nowhere else. For see how the world perverts, by psychic inversion, the truth within every reality, within every ideal. In the Lodge, aristocracy means government by the best, by the noblest, with the willing, loving, adoring consent of the younger and less perfect. You can imagine it,—can at least try to do so. Assume that Ânanda, the beloved disciple of Gautama Buddha; that St. Paul and many Christian saints; that Madame H. P. Blavatsky and hosts of others—each of them looking to his own Master;—imagine them all there, with but one thought, —to love and to serve. Think, on the one hand, of how they would rush to obey, and, on the other hand, of the perfect fellowship, of the complete 'equality', which would exist between them,—the desire of one and all, that the least shall be as the greatest. Think, if you will, of the love,—yes, even the reverence—of some Master for one of his disciples, a mere child, perhaps, in the spiritual sense, who had fought nobly, and who, in spite of suffering, in spite of darkness, in spite of defeat, had loyally, faithfully, valiantly fought on. Yes,—there is such a thing as spiritual equality. You see it in an ideal family, between parents and children. But the blind world, following the lead of blind poets and of philosophers still blinder; following the lead, finally, of demagogues and devils,—has seized that spiritual fact to reinforce its own egotism, its own self-assertion, and, to the tune of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity', has produced . . ."

"—Tammany," interjected the Student.

"Yes,—Tammany; but worse than that, inasmuch as Tammany is merely a surface indication of a deep-seated disease. And the world has treated the ideal of aristocracy in exactly the same way, misusing it, when it has used it, until Germany at last dragged it so low that it disappeared from human ken."

"Did Germany do that, or did the Hohenzollerns?" questioned our Visitor.

"Germany made the Hohenzollerns. The Hohenzollerns did not make Germany. They must have interacted, the one upon the other; but the Hohenzollerns undoubtedly were the horrible efflorescence of their race: they were the answer of Karma to the German desire."

"I can see, dimly, what you mean by equality in the Lodge," continued the Visitor, questioningly; "but I do not see how liberty can co-exist with autocratic power, which I assume your great Masters would possess."

"Liberty," answered the Historian; "why, there is the most perfect liberty imaginable. The doors of heaven are not barred behind the conquerors who enter. They can resign! Seriously, those who are there, when not yet perfect, are in danger always of being exiled by the force of resurgent sin. But in that case, they are their own executioners. They become unlike, and automatically cease to share the Lodge consciousness. Remember, please, that the greater the Master, the more perfect his obedience, and that the spirit of disobedience would inevitably create expulsion.

"But now, if I may, I should like to go back to our main topic. I have told you what I believe to be the destination of human development, namely, the Lodge. Much, of course, remains to be said, for the Lodge is not a single cell organism, but is made up of East and West, and of sub-divisions of these. Both the active and the contemplative life are represented. The Lodge is a hierarchical system, capable of infinite expansion."

"You mean, then," said the Visitor, "that instead of evolving toward an undetermined, because as yet unattained, goal,—we are being guided toward a condition which many individuals of all races have already attained?"

"Exactly," the Historian answered.

"I must say that whether true or false, it is a marvellous, a fascinating conception . . . Do you mean that nations are being guided in the same way, toward the same goal?"

"We do," the Historian answered. "On what other basis can you account for the facts of history? Nations grow as individuals grow, and are actuated by the same motives. The theory of economic necessity, as accounting for all the movements of races, and for the passions, heroisms, and sacrifices of national life, has utterly been discredited, except as a contributing factor. The philosophy of history remains to be written. The life of a nation, in some cases, is the effort of the Lodge to lead that nation toward discipleship. In other cases, when that effort would be futile, the Lodge may attempt to merge the best of one nation with the best of another, in the hope that the commixture will be less barren of spiritual fruit than when the two had separate existence. In still other cases, destruction may be the only remedy. But in all cases, the goal of national life is the same as that of the individual,—the manifestation of the soul by the perfecting of character.

"Once more, though, let us go back to our main topic. Let us ask ourselves, with our destination now clearly in mind, whether we can foresee any of the intermediate steps, which nations must take, before they can hope to reach their goal and to enter fully into the consciousness of the Lodge.

"To foresee, we must look back, not only to history but to tradition. Then we must use analogy, asking ourselves, in this case, through what stages of government a man passes, first, within himself, and, secondly,

in his recognition of spiritual authority as it exists outside of himself. But to cover that ground adequately, would take hours. This afternoon I can suggest the result only of my own study. We should have to consider the whole method of evolution, as Theosophy explains it: the descent of spirit into matter, until innocence becomes self-conscious,—spirit reascending, with the self-consciousness it has gained, to greater heights than it descended from, together with those elements of matter which it has transformed and glorified. We should have to consider the life of men and of nations in that light, tracing both the gain and the loss,—the loss of primitive innocence, of primitive vision (for men then saw the high gods walking in their midst), and the gain of increasing self-knowledge and self-dependence. Incidentally, if we were to study our subject thoroughly, we should have to read the works of Renouvier, who, of all writers on the philosophy of history, seems to have come nearest to the theosophical interpretation.

"Then, reaching backward beyond the historical period, we should have to investigate tradition, with the result that everywhere we should find traces of Adept Kings, and of 'gods' who dwelt among men, instructing, guiding, governing this nation or that, adored by their people for the noble work they did.

"I cannot even touch on the analogy of our own spiritual experience, and on what we can learn of progressive methods of government from that. There is the primitive obedience of babyhood, of innocence; there is the revolt, the self-assertion, the 'democracy' of youth; there is the anarchy and Bolshevism of some lives, and, in others, there is the voluntary obedience to spiritual guidance, culminating, when discipleship is reached, in conscious obedience to a living Master . . . You can work that out for yourself.

"So far as tradition is concerned—which I accept, when it is universal, as being at least as valid as history—we must look for a return, on a higher plane, of that which used to be. We must expect in the future a repetition of that which was, though greatly modified, of course, by added experience and self-consciousness. Instead of the vision of innocence, there will be direct and related perception. Progress, being subject to cyclic law, passes up a spiral, as it were, after the fashion of a cork-screw. We do not return to the same place, as Nietzsche and others have wrongly argued. We return to a similiar place, on a higher level of attainment.

"We may look, therefore, for an actual coming of Christ's kingdom, on earth as now in heaven,—though I confess that it seems a very long way off, because I do not believe he will come until he is wanted. Prior to his coming, however, we may look for an organized effort to induce his coming; we may look for centuries of preparation by those who know him and love him and who long for his advent. We may look also for a period, preceding his next incarnation, when the world, or the western world in any case, will be governed by a group of his

disciples, as kings, consciously co-operating, and presided over, I suspect, by an Emperor (I believe, Emperor of France), so as to prepare the world for the real reign, the real glory, the real consummation, which will follow."

The Historian was deeply moved. He spoke quietly, but it was easy to see that the day of that far-off kingdom was the consuming passion of his heart.

"I do not like to speak about it," he said, "because men make faces. They do not understand him,—that great one. Mention his name, and while some sneer, others try to look pious. He is everything,—rapture itself, and the source of it. He is the soul of every poet; the vision of every artist. He is the hidden beauty in light and in shadow,—the joy of life, and its end . . . Some day they will know, but not yet, not yet."

It was the Objector who brought him back to earth. (Our Visitor remained silent, slightly bewildered, but disturbed, impressed.)

"You are not suggesting, I trust, that, as a preliminary, we should turn the United States from a republic into a kingdom, and that God should appoint Mayor Hylan, or some other American nobleman, to act as our first king? I should hate to have to emigrate."

"No, that is not my suggestion," the Historian answered serenely. "And, to be frank with you, I simply cannot imagine how this country could at any time become other than it is, constitutionally or otherwise."

"Perhaps it is to persist as an Awful Warning," the Objector countered.

"I hope not, but you can never tell! . . . In any case, I have not been trying to suggest a next step for any country,—certainly not for our own. I have been attempting to show the absurdity of treating a make-shift as if it were an ideal. Democracy is in no sense an ideal. It is a stepping-stone, and, presumably, as things now are, in certain cases it is a necessary stepping-stone. Even in those cases, however, it need not and should not be used as a seat, much less as a bed. Apart from other considerations, as a bed it is wretchedly uncomfortable! On the other hand, as I have said, I have no political or constitutional programme for this country; no idea what its next stepping-stone should be. Until it is converted, I doubt whether it greatly matters what form of government it has. And I suspect that is true, more or less, of all the western peoples. In Europe, of course, aristocracy still exists as a form. No matter how decadent, how unworthy of its name, there is something there to reform. Here, there is nothing to reform, except the mob,—and to reform a mob is about as easy as to reform the winds."

"What a pessimist you are!" exclaimed the Objector.

"No, I am not. On the contrary, I am deeply optimistic. I believe in magic, in miracles, in the omnipotence of love,—in all the things which make optimism possible and pessimism impossible. But however that

may be, please understand"—turning to our Visitor—"that I have been speaking for myself only: in no sense for The Theosophical Society or for the QUARTERLY."

"I am grateful to you in any case," the Visitor replied. And then he left, having told us beforehand of an appointment, which he was going to keep, he said, as his first essay in Theosophy!

When we were alone together—for the Objector had left too—the Student told us that he had received a letter, asking for suggestions about prayer. Without mentioning names, he described the character and circumstances of his correspondent, and asked for our advice.

"I would tell him first," volunteered the Philosopher, "that the motive of his prayer is more important than its form, or than the objective which his prayer sets forth. For instance: I have a letter or an article to write. I pray for light, for guidance. Now the real value of the prayer, as I see it, depends upon whether I want guidance for myself—for my own protection or preservation or reputation,—or whether I want really to step aside, to obliterate myself and my own interests, that the Master may speak as he wills, for his purposes. We should watch ourselves ceaselessly for that difference of motive."

"I agree with you," said the Neophyte, "but I would tell him also that he will not have mastered the meaning of prayer until, step at a time, adding hour to hour, he succeeds at last in transforming his habitual conversations with himself—the back and forth talk of his own mind—into habitual conversation with the Master. To do this, he must use recollection, imagination, will. He must not strain, but must imagine, creatively, what the Master would say to him. As he does this, he will find before long that he has pierced through to reality, for he will have provided a channel along which the Master's thought can travel."

"All true," commented the Ancient. "But do not forget faith. I doubt if many of us realize the dynamic power it has. Certainly, without it, nothing can be moved,—not even your own hand by your own will. You must believe it can move to make movement possible."

"Do you remember," added the Student finally,—"do you remember the appeal of the Gael on this same subject, shortly before he went to Europe? I cannot quote his words, but you will recall in any case his complaint that Anglo-Saxons have so little faith; and then—was it not? —'Children of the Dawn, children of the Dawn, have faith! Prayers never go unanswered. Pray for what you want, and what He needs will be given you. Pray and keep on praying, though no dew fall from heaven and though earth give torment and no more. He hears. With heart wide open to receive (was it not pierced!), he waits till brave persistence, till heroic faith, have given him the clay for miracles. And then, miracles happen! When darkness is worst, the messengers of light appear. Magic is made manifest. The whole world is changed. . . . But without faith, ye can do nothing'." T.

REVIEWS

Laotzu's Tao and Wu Wei, Dwight Goddard and Henri Borel. Brentano's, New York, $1.25.

We have only one criticism of this admirable little book, and may as well begin with it: The title is misleading. It gives the impression that there are two books by Lao Tse, and that we have translations of them. But there is, in reality, only one book by the Chinese sage, the Tao-Teh-King; while the second part of this volume is a modern, romantic interpretation of Lao Tse's philosophy by Henri Borel, who has put it into dialogue form, roughly following, one may say, the model of the Bhagavad Gita. Therefore we have, in Henri Borel's study, first the approach to the Master; then the entering of the disciple into the spirit of the Master; and finally the disciple's return to outer work. As a title for this fine piece of work, Henri Borel has chosen two words which are characteristic of Lao Tse: Wu Wei, literally, "No Work," indicating the idea of detachment exactly as set forth at the beginning of the third book of the Bhagavad Gita: "Not by withholding from works does a man reach freedom from works," and so forth.

In this modern dialogue on Lao Tse's philosophy, there are passages of great beauty, such as this:

"There shines in each one of us the inextinguishable light of the soul. . . . The eternal Tao dwells in all. . . . All bear within them an indestructible treasure. . . ."

And in general one may say that Henri Borel has given a true and worthy interpretation of Lao Tse, though it is deeply tinged with the Western spirit.

The first half of this composite book is a translation of the Tao-Teh-King, and, so far as we can judge, an excellent one, which sticks very close to the text and, at the same time, expresses its spirit both in depth of thought and in excellence of style.

But, good as the text is, we feel under almost greater obligations to Mr. Goddard for the Introduction, which begins:

"I love Laotzu! That is the reason I offer another interpretative translation. . . . I want you to appreciate this wise and kindly old man, and come to love him. . . ."

Of great value and truth is this passage concerning the meaning of Tao:

"Although for two thousand years he has been misunderstood and derided, to-day the very best of scientific and philosophic thought, which gathers about what is known as Vitalism, is in full accord with Laotzu's idea of the Tao. Every reference that is made to-day to a Cosmic Urge, Vital Impulse, and Creative Principle can be said of the Tao. Everything that can be said of Plato's Ideas and Forms and of Cosmic Love, as being the creative expression of God, can be said of the Tao. When Christian scholars came to translate the Logos of St. John, they were satisfied to use the word 'Tao.'" C. J.

The Gist of Swedenborg, by Julian K. Smyth and William F. Wunsch, is a compilation in a hundred pages of salient thoughts of the mystic philosopher, giving in brief form all that is best in his thirty-odd volumes. Bearing in mind

Madame Blavatsky's caution that, though "his clairvoyant powers were very remarkable," nevertheless, "they did not go beyond this plane of matter" [Swedenborg *saw* the inhabitants of Mars dressed as modern Europeans]; and again, "all that he says of subjective worlds and spiritual beings is evidently far more the outcome of his exuberant fancy, than of his spiritual insight" (*Glossary*),—members of the Society will find much that is intuitive, suggestive, and even brilliant in this compilation. In view of the recrudescence of interest in Swedenborg, which bears fruit in numerous biographies and translations of his works, and in the erection of an imposing cathedral near Philadelphia, a summary of his teaching is particularly timely. His more extravagant phases are not included, as the book is obviously intended to attract the average unthinking Christian. It is, therefore, Swedenborg at his best. That best may, perhaps, be appreciated by the following excerpts:—

"Those who love their country, and from goodwill do good to it, after death love the Lord's kingdom, for this is their country there; and they who love the Lord's kingdom, love the Lord, for He is the All in all of His Kingdom."

"The only faith that endures with man springs from heavenly love. Those without love have knowledge merely, or persuasion. Just to believe in truth and in the Word is not faith. Faith is to love truth, and to will and do it from inward affection for it."

"It is the mind which makes another and a new man. The change of state cannot be perceived in man's body, but in his spirit."

"The Church at large consists of the men who have the Church in them."

MARION HALE.

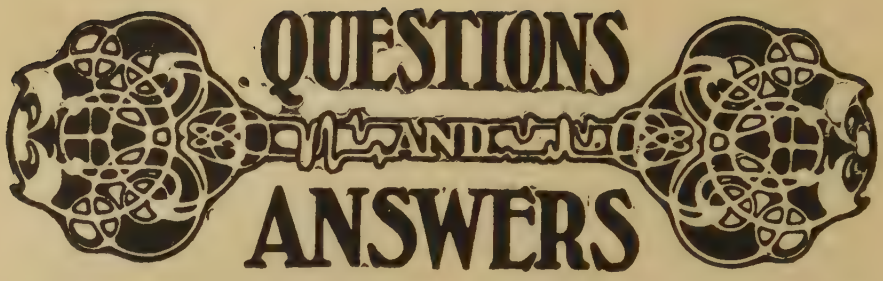
Benedictine Monachism, by the Right Rev. Cuthbert Butler, Abbot of Downside Abbey; published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., $6.50.

By readers of the QUARTERLY who are familiar with several articles in past issues on the Benedictines and St. Benedict's Rule, this volume will be welcomed and prized. It is one of the most interesting books the reviewer has ever read. The learned author is so much the master of his many subjects, that each chapter of the twenty-two, devoted to some special characteristic of ancient or modern Benedictine life, or to a discussion and interpretation of the Rule, is the synthesis at once of a wide and of a profound study, giving the reader the fruits of a mature judgment and ripened scholarship. Indeed, the Benedictine tradition of thoroughness in scholarship is exemplified afresh; and the forty years which Father Butler has spent as a Benedictine, bear witness by their fruits to the soundness of that venerable institution to-day.

There is practically no inquiry about St. Benedict, his Rule, its inception and development through fifteen hundred years; or about the history of the Order, its offshoots, its effects on European history, and its contributions to European civilization and culture, which does not receive masterly treatment. Perhaps the most original contribution is a chapter on "The Benedictine Idea in the Centuries"—in which the candid admission is made of "the mediæval presentation of Benedictine life", that, "nothing else can be said than that it was a complete transformation of the manner of life planned by St. Benedict at Monte Cassino. . . . It was more. It was a reversal of one of the things he deliberately did in his reconstruction of Western monachism" (pp. 198-199). St. Benedict did not conceive an "Order", in the sense of a hierarchical organization of religious, bound by vows, and devoted to some special type of life or function in Church polity, as represented by the Franciscans or the Jesuits. St. Benedict founded "a school of the service of God", which, it is pointed out, is not even "a school of perfection", the latter implying a different point of view. No, St. Benedict, along with St. Gregory the Great and St. Bernard, was true to a type which was "Western", in contradistinction to "Eastern". They represented "a mysticism purely spiritual, of a

simplicity equal to its elevation" (p. 91), "non-philosophical, being unaffected by the neo-Platonism that preceded it, or the scholasticism that followed it. . . . It is purely objective, empirical" (p. 90). In two valuable chapters, Father Butler expands "Benedictine Mysticism" and "Benedictine Life Contemplative", pointing out that whereas, outside the Benedictine tradition, most mysticism in the West was really Eastern or Scholastic, with St. Benedict one finds the truly original Western contribution to mystical experience—a valuable distinction which the author promises to develop in a forthcoming book to be entitled *Western Mysticism*. Properly understood, again, a "contemplative" life is not that of Cassian's early Egyptian hermit-recluse, as imagined by the layman to-day, and as exemplified only by the Calmaldolese and Carthusians. Nor is it the "contemplative concentration" of "the Eastern mind as ordinarily constituted even to this day, be it Buddhist, Brahmin, or Mohomedan", which is "rarely met with among Westerns" (p. 96). It is the "mixed life", the life lived by Christ on earth, in its perfection. St. Benedict's "only conception of a contemplative life is one in which active good works hold a considerable, and even, in point of time, a preponderant place; but in which for all that, the effort to exercise also the works of the contemplative life is kept habitually in operation" (p. 99). Again: "St. Gregory did not look on contemplation as a nearly superhuman thing, one of the rarest graces. On the contrary, he believed it to be within the reach of all men of goodwill who give themselves seriously to prayer and keep due guard upon their hearts" (p. 100).

It is impossible in the compass of a review to do justice to the many excellences of this volume, or even to catalogue points of special interest. The reader is urged to seek those out for himself. One error, however, we feel called upon to notice. In the chapter on Mysticism, preparing for his definition of the word, which has "a good and a bad" meaning, the author classes "spiritualism and hypnotic phenomena, theosophy and 'Christian Science'" together. Like so many others, Father Butler seems totally unaware of the fact that there is Theosophy, as apart from *a* theosophy which he does know and which he rightly denominates "a counterfeit of religion": Theosophy, which is not an "ism", but which is precisely what St. Paul meant when he spoke of Christ, *Theou Sophia,* the Wisdom of God; and which we venture to suggest is the ideal and wisdom striven for, alike by St. Benedict and by Father Butler himself. A. G.



QUESTION No. 246 (Continued).—*Will you kindly define the following terms: "Higher and lower psychism"; "Occultism and pseudo-occultism".*

ANSWER.—I have been asked to add a word to the two answers already contributed to this question.

I would agree that psychism, as that term is generally used, could be defined "as all forms of lower mental activity, reasonings, imagination, emotions, etc."; but when the distinctions between higher and lower psychism are sought, such a definition runs the danger of being misleading. Owing to the Law of Correspondences ("as above, so below"), the psychic world, strictly speaking, could not be confined to the lower mental and emotional planes. The higher realms must also possess that which is the equivalent on their own planes. *Light on the Path* makes the distinction clear in the use of the word *astral;* and higher and lower astral is but another way of saying higher and lower psychic, though astral is more often used to designate the *realm,* and psychic to designate the *faculty.* These terms, however, owing to the fact that the users rarely understand what they are talking about, are too loosely employed for any such distinction, as I have just made, to hold beyond a certain limited point of suggestion.

I would define the psychic world as the world of reflection; and the psychic individual as one who sees the reflection of something, or sees by a reflected light, instead of beholding directly. We may see an object in a mirror, and if the mirror be true and clean, we may see that object accurately; only, we must always make allowance for the fact that everything is reversed. If the mirror be cracked, distorted, covered with dust or mud, we are likely to have very dim and inaccurate, if not seriously misleading pictures. Also we may see an object by moonlight. The object is there and we see it; the facts are beyond question. Yet equally true is it that the same object, beheld in broad daylight, wears an entirely different aspect, so different, often, as to seem another object altogether. No man questions, however, in which circumstance the object has been truly discerned. These matters of everyday experience furnish us with simple clues.

If the objection be raised that, in the spiritual world, reflection cannot exist—an objection which I have heard—I would venture to suggest what seems to me the faulty metaphysics of such an attitude. Surely the higher the plane the greater its inclusiveness, since Unity is the ultimate; and therefore in the higher planes we must of necessity find all that is contained in the lower planes, transfigured from things of sense to things of spirit, from things of ugliness to things of beauty, from things of decay to things of immortality,—the perversions redeemed to their original purity and purpose. Postulate God as the one Reality, and Unity as the ultimate, as does Theosophy, and I do not see how the objection can hold. Reflection is not perversion *in esse,* and must exist at every point of duality, short of the final Absolute in which duality is lost. This last, however, is a condition which we can postulate, though by no means conceive. The highest reaches of the imagination barely touch its possibilities, but from these shadowy filaments we sense the mystery and awe of its all-comprehensiveness.

In the higher psychic world the reflection is pure and direct. Allowing always for *reversal,* what is seen is accurate. So, too, the higher psychic individual has a clean and perfect mirror. But it is in a mirror that he sees. The thing in itself

he does not see; indeed his back must be turned upon it, more or less, for purposes of seeing. The psychic sees always not merely "through", but *into*, "a glass"; and "darkly" or not, as his psychic faculty be pure or otherwise, according to his own purity.

A little consideration of this, and its many implications, will help to clear any misconceptions in the mind. All that science has determined regarding the use of mirrors, and the reflection and refraction of light in connection with them, etc., can be advantageously investigated by those wishing really to pursue the subject; and in these days of extreme psychic refraction and confusion, such research would well repay the time and effort expended.

In the higher psychic realms, only that which is in and of higher psychic realms can be reflected. The circle *"Pass not"* protects it from contamination with everything not of equal purity of essence. To the lower psychic individual these upper realms are dark; only the back of the mirror can be seen, and that forms the roof of his sky. Therefore the lower psychic world reflects what is of the lower worlds alone, and the lower psychic individual sees nothing outside of them, no matter what he may fancy, or what names he may use.

To behold both worlds as they are, is the peculiar privilege of the spiritual seer. Spiritual vision is like a great beam of light which flashes up or down as does a powerful searchlight. Being of the nature of the highest spiritual planes, it has the force of those planes, and therefore no lower plane can obstruct it. The spiritual seer is he who possesses this faculty of vision. He may possess much or he may possess little; he may have deep undertanding of what he sees, or he may have as yet acquired but slight understanding of it. The distinction between himself and the higher psychic is not one of *degree,* but of *quality*. The higher psychic may see a great deal, but he only sees reflections, and so can never be sure,—the least breath of wind may alter the whole picture. The spiritual seer may not yet have acquired the power to see *much,* but what he sees will be the thing in itself, and so he can be sure. Also the Master's light can reinforce him, which in the case of the psychic would be impossible, for the Master's light would shatter his mirror.

There is an interesting consideration in this connection. Such powerful light must act as a disintegrating force on lower forms of substance, and less ethereal combinations of elements and atoms. A man to possess any of this force, must therefore to a safe extent partake of its nature. Also to be flooded with this light, as it might come to him from the Lodge or from his own Master, or even from a highly developed fellow-student, would involve grave dangers for him, and we can see from this the need for much withholding on the part of those above us, much shading and tempering. Were we, in our impure and undeveloped condition, to stand in the ray of that light, disintegration of all save the original germ of divine life would instantaneously occur. God in mercy withholds knowledge and power, insisting that we shall become as "little children," and be led step by step. This represents not merely our only hope of attainment, but our only hope of *survival.* Should we push ourselves, by the force of our own wills, into the direct field of that light (an attainment, difficult indeed, but by no means impossible), instant extinction would ensue of all that constitutes conscious individuality.

Experiments in the use of various kinds of light in the treatment of disease, poisonous growths, etc., show us also the curative powers of that spiritual light when administered to the diseases of our souls. This is our major profit in the confession of our sins to those in spiritual authority (by which I mean, of course, *those possessing this spiritual power*), and above all when we lay our hearts bare before our Master. His spiritual vision, considering with wisely adjusted power the deadly growths and poisons within us, disintegrates and withers them. All disciples, therefore, who have attained the rank of Apostles, or even are priests *in fact,* have the power to "heal the sick", for they cannot have attained this rank

without having acquired the faculty of spiritual vision to a definite degree. It is not touch that heals, but vision. Touch is often used as a medium, but the healing power does not exist in the touch, but in the light behind it.

I should like to make another minor suggestion. On the physical plane, however perfect a man's sight, however much he may see, there is one object he can never behold save by reflection, and that is *himself*. From which we may deduce that in his consideration of himself in his own mind, he can never see himself save psychically. How much of our self-assurance and self-assertiveness would be corrected, could the full significance of this fact be borne in upon us, could we once realize that hardly anyone has so imperfect a view of us, as we ourselves!

Furthermore, if the common facts of daily experience were studied in this way, if they were taken as symbols of inner truths, and hints for guidance in the inner life, how much of information we should gain to the profit of our souls!

CAVÉ.

QUESTION No. 247.—*I have heard it said that we must not let our attitude toward life become "flattened out" and grey, but that at the same time we must exercise restraint. I think a great many people feel that the two things are incompatible—that restraint necessarily results in "flattening out." What is wrong in such a case—is it the kind of restraint that is exercised, or a wrong reaction of the person restrained, or both?*

ANSWER.—It is the restraint of the levees along its banks that keeps the Mississippi a deep river and prevents it from flattening itself out in innumerable swamps along its course. It is the same with a man. If he fail to restrain his innumerable desires, all his force will run out into them and leave him utterly flat and impotent. Restraint stops the leaks. There can never be power without it.

That part of us which we restrain, our lower nature, is very likely to feel "flattened" out and to raise a great clamour about it. The trouble is that we permit ourselves to be deceived by these wailing voices into identifying ourselves with them and feeling that *we* are flattened out. The remedy is right self-identification.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The questioner is right. Restraint does flatten one out because it is so often merely negative. We restrain our desires and put nothing in their place. The result is a void and there is nothing flatter than a void. It is the old case of the man from whom a devil was cast. Seven devils returned and filled the void. People are afraid to follow their intuition because it may be mistaken. They are afraid to go by the past because they do not want to harden themselves against progress. They will not act because they are afraid of making a mistake. The result is that life does become grey and flat. What is needed is a purpose. One thing should be restrained in order that something else may be put in its place. It should be a positive process, not a negative one. If a man says to himself all day, "I will not think evil thoughts, I will not think evil thoughts," he is keeping his mind on evil thoughts and getting nowhere. If he says, "I will think good thoughts and will reject anything incompatible with good thoughts," he has a chance for success.

Y.

NOTICE

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

All mail intended for Mrs. Gregg personally, as well as that for the Secretary's Office, should be sent hereafter to P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York. Mrs. Gregg is residing no longer at 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn.

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